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ALEXANDER J. CASSATT

MEN BEHIND THE RAILROADS

In 1896 the railways of the United States received the first hint of that shifting of influences from those that had been causing stagnation and almost despair to those new impulses that at first gave hope based upon promise and then that wonderful realization of the economic, commercial, and industrial changes which two years later brought to the United States the recognition by Europe as a world power. Railway managers all over the country observed an increase in traffic. It began with that remarkable, because unexpected, export movement of wheat, which was suddenly developed when the political campaign of 1896 was fiercest and when the result seemed to many to be too doubtful to justify any prediction.

The railways were in admirable condition to meet this sudden demand. They had passed through a period of liquidation, reorganization, and physical reconstruction. The gigantic sums that had been obtained in Europe between 1880 and 1885 for the purpose of building new lines and extending others had been repaid. Mortgages were extinguished, excessive capital had been written off, and a new generation trained in every detail of railway management and finance was taking the place of the older generation under whom much of our vast railway expansion had been consummated.

Some of the old frictions and vexatious problems due to excessive competition remained. A master financier and railroad organizer had a few years earlier stated to a company of railway presidents, representing for the most part the systems engaged in transportation of products of the west to the seacoast, that the pledges given by railway presidents to maintain rates which had been formally adopted were not to be relied upon; and he was justified in making that assertion, as every president knew. And yet one of the new lessons learned by the railroad managers of the younger generation was that this rate-cutting warfare was suicide, and that even though a rival were injured, that injury reacted so that often it was more harmful to the railroad which began the war than to the one which accepted the challenge. But what was to be done? In the west there had been a truce and then an agreement similar to that which the diplomatists call a modus vivendi, and then a formal ratification of a proposition that an association composed of the greater railways west of the Missouri should fix rates and agree upon differentials with the view that destructive competition might be ended.

In the east, a lawyer than whom none in New York was more astute, a lawyer who, if he had chosen, might have received distinguished honors in public life, set out to solve the problem which the competition between the so-called trunk lines had developed. In order that he might be in perfect retirement, he took passage by an ocean steamer, packed his papers in a large valise, and sent to his state-room the stat-



GEORGE J. GOULD

utes of the United States and of some of the States, and then in his cabin on the sea perfected the plan of the Joint Traffic Association. When he returned to the United States and submitted the plan to lawyers whom he deemed competent to judge, they gave him the tribute which is always full and gratifying, the tribute which one great legal mind gives to another which has solved a perplexing and profound legal problem. The trunk line presidents accepted the Joint Traffic Association plan, organized and bound themselves to abide by the rates fixed by this Association, and it was thought that in this agreement no violation of State statute or of any Federal law could be found.

But in due time the Supreme Court of the United States, not unanimously but by a bare majority, declared the Trans-Missouri Traffic Association an illegal body under the Federal laws; and soon after destroyed by one brief opinion all of the structure carefully built by the eminent lawyer above referred to, saying that the Joint Traffic Association existed in violation of Federal law.

It was about this time that there began to be striking evidences of the firmness of control, and of the comprehensiveness and far-reaching character of the purposes behind this control that have since characterized the younger generation of railway managers. Of this generation those who were the most conspicuous, and who seem to have justified their purposes, are William K. Vanderbilt, George J. Gould, James J. Hill, A. J. Cassatt, and E. H. Harriman.

Two of this group inherited vast wealth—Mr. Gould and Mr. Vanderbilt. One, Mr. Hill, began in the most humble of employment; and two others, Mr. Harriman and Mr. Cassatt, were of that great middle class that begins life neither with rich inheritance nor hampered by poverty, and yet must rely upon themselves for their fortunes and their careers.

Of this group, two were trained from early manhood and by the drudgery of actual contact with railway life to all its multitudinous details—Mr. Cassatt and Mr. Hill. One of them, Mr. Hill, was the absolute creator, promoter, and developer of the system with which his name is identified. The far-reaching railway, stretching from the Mississippi over the then uncultivated prairies and through the uninhabited forests across the Rockies to a prospective city on the Pacific, was pictured by that brilliant and profound imagination long before it was visible to any eye.

Mr. Vanderbilt and Mr. Harriman came to railway direction and authority not through any preliminary drudgery or any service of a subordinate kind, but through stress of circumstances. At the beginning of their careers probably neither of these men dreamt that he would have conspicuous association with the latter-day development of American railroads. Mr. Gould was trained in a solitary school. He was the sole pupil of his father. The discipline was severe, but it was tempered by affection and stimulated by a proper ambition. The son absorbed as a pupil what the father had taught himself. In this respect he differed from Mr. Vanderbilt, who as a younger son seemed for many years to have no more than an incidental interest, although a large interest, in the railway properties created by his grandfather and enlarged by his father.

Probably not until the present generation has passed away will there ever be accurate history as to the conception and development of the community of interest idea. But it is known that after Mr. Vanderbilt, at the earnest solicitation of his older brother, who had been incapacitated by an illness which proved to be an organic and mortal trouble, had assumed the direction of the so-called Vanderbilt properties, he was impressed with the necessity of compassing by some means, not illegal, the purpose which had inspired



WILLIAM K. VANDERBILT

the formation of the Joint Traffic Assoc-In many ways Mr. Vanderbilt revealed the strength and statesman-like vision of an original and commanding mind. He began, soon after assuming the responsibilities of the direction of the Vanderbilt system, the negotiations which at last brought the Boston and Albany Railway under the absolute control of the New York Central, thereby expanding that system to the important terminal on Massachusetts Bay. That involved not only financial ability of a high order, but some political finesse, since it was necessary to reckon with the State of Massachusetts, and in addition the power to marshal men of ability and of somewhat reluctant disposition to this purpose. But he accomplished what no Vanderbilt before his day had been able to do, giving to the New York Central an additional harbor upon the Atlantic with unmatched terminal facilities. In addition to that Mr. Vanderbilt displayed brilliant powers of financing through the simplicity and success of a plan by means of which the Lake Shore system on the south of Lake Erie and the Michigan Central on the north passed, through purchase, into the absolute ownership of the New York Central. He, therefore, expanded the system to the west and to the Atlantic, and by doing that was in a position not merely to counsel but almost to command community of interest.

The interview, or the series of them, which Mr. Vanderbilt had with Mr. Cassatt soon after the Pennsylvania Railroad elected Mr. Cassatt to the presidency, if their history could be written, would probably be accepted as among the most important of the traditions of the development of an American railway. Out of it came the first exemplification of community of interest. On the one hand was the inheritor of a vast railway property which had been the first to illustrate the law of development through which various connecting lines are assimilated into one

system: and on the other hand was a railway manager who, receiving no inheritance that came by law, had won by long years of distinguished service the presidency of the great Pennsylvania corporation. These two meeting in companionship arranged to discard the traditions and to put in force the new order which is entitled the Community of Interest. It was in a measure also a community of ownership. For instance, when by reason of this pact of peace between the Vanderbilts and their longtime rival, the Pennsylvania, it was possible for these two interests to secure control of the Chesapeake and Ohio system stretching from the Ohio River to the Atlantic at Newport News. and also the control, direct or indirect, of the Norfolk and Western, they did not hesitate to seize this opportunity. There could be no violation of Federal law since as owners of these two trunk lines they were in authority to dictate the rates charged for transportation. They needed no pool, no agreement, but only to follow their own best inclination.

As the next step it was inevitable—not that the Pennsylvania corporation should purchase the Baltimore and Ohio, the remaining important trunk line, for the Pennsylvania could not have done that without violating its own State statute—but that individuals identified with the Pennsylvania should buy the control of the Baltimore and Ohio, and thus through community of ownership as well as community of interest secure, without any violation of law, that peace which joint traffic associations and gentlemen's agreements had earlier attempted to obtain.

So there was speedily observed the first and a very remarkable illustration of the manner in which the community of interest plan was worked out. Here were two trunk line railways, stretching from the Lakes and the Mississippi River to the Atlantic, which at former times were in constant peril, a peril that often became



Photograph by Pach Brothers

JAMES J. HILL

disastrous rate-cutting war. Now, they had by this new development perfected a peace which, while it left them free to compete normally for traffic, nevertheless reduced to a minimum unhealthful competition. Naturally, the traffic within the zones of the Pennsylvania influence flowed to the railways controlled by that corporation, and the same is true of the traffic normally within the zone controlled by the Vanderbilts. But it was soon seen that there must be other expansions. The Vanderbilt influence therefore swept from the Lakes in a southwesterly direction to the Mississippi River and northwesterly from Chicago. The Pennsylvania influence reached to the Mississippi, at many places cross-cutting the subordinate Vanderbilt lines. Naturally, some competition was developed, but it was restrained within healthful limits.

Then Mr. Cassatt, with foresight and superb audacity which are now seen to be reasonable, turned from the west, where his connections were secure, towards the east, Great was the surprise in New York when it was announced that the Pennsylvania had purchased the Long Island Railway system. Soon afterward the road prepared to spend fifty millions to secure an artificial highway under the Hudson and beneath the surface of Manhattan into New York and the Borough of Brooklyn; not even limiting its expansive force there, but reaching by bridge to an immediate connection with the great railway system of New England-the New York and New Haven. Furthermore, it proposed to raise the money necessary to pay for the enormous cost of constructive and permanent changes whereby the systems could be simplified, strengthened, shortened, and made equal to that almost immeasurable development of traffic which Mr. Cassatt foresaw would come within the next twenty years.

Mr. Gould after he succeeded to his inheritance and to the control, as one of the

trustees, of the properties his father had created, spent several years in cautious, conservative, and vet extensive nursing of the system extending from St. Louis southerly and southwesterly into that part of the Union which many believe is to be perhaps the richest of all sections. He was a conservator, and it was presumed that he would be content as Cornelius Vanderbilt had been content with simply perfecting a single system. Suddenly, Mr. Gould made it clear that this conservative policy out of which the perfected Missouri Pacific system grew was but an incident in a broader plan, seemingly a most audacious purpose and one which would have been more characteristic of his father than of himself. He had done as much as any one railway developer had ever done to open up the southwest, but now like the Pennsylvania management he turned his eyes towards the east, while at the same time it was evident that now and then he was looking over his shoulder towards the west.

Through the Gould ownership of the Wabash Railway System stretching northeasterly from St. Louis to the Lakes, and then again southeasterly to the Ohio River, he was within a comparatively few miles of Pittsburg, and at last ventured to make it known that he purposed entering that city where so much of the iron and steel traffic of the United States originates. Furthermore, it became known that his ambition staved not at Pittsburg but that he proposed to seek a harbor upon the Atlantic, preferably New York if he could get there, possibly upon the Chesapeake, or near Newport News. Then as he expanded his system towards the west, it was apparent that Mr. Gould aimed at the mastery of a true trans-continental system. Modern development, the prevalence of railway combination, the certainty that in the near future a vast commerce is to be developed from the Pacific to the far east, probably taught Mr. Gould that if he was to save his southwestern system he must make it the nucleus of a trans-continental system. He is today matching himself with those railway authorities of the east who would prefer and in fact intend that he shall not approach nearer the Atlantic than the boundaries of West Virginia or nearer than Pittsburg. There has been a suspicion that has now become a belief, that whispering in Mr. Gould's ear is that man whose constructive genius and organizing ability are on the whole unmatched by any other man of this generation, John D. Rockefeller.

James J. Hill first built a railroad and then forced business to it. He has a marvelous power of persuasion and the enthusiasm born of conviction and of irresistible Therefore, when, some years ago, he came to New York that he might secure financial support for his proposed Great Northern system, he persuaded the shrewdest and most successful of Scotch bankers of this city to give him the financial aid he needed. Then almost with the mystery of a wizard's wand, before many in the east knew what was in contemplation, he had carried his railway from St. Paul to the Pacific. Having built his road, he undertook to secure business for it. He reached down far toward the south and secured patronage by which the cotton and other products of the south designed for the far east were shipped by his railroad. The expansion and concentration of railway systems made it inevitable that Mr. Hill and his interests should control the parallel line earlier built, one of the marvels of railway construction which made and lost a fortune for Henry Villard and then made another for him, the Northern Pacific. The law said, "No, these railroads are parallel; therefore, one of them must not own the other." But in order that there might be community of ownership, although not corporate ownership in the sense that one of these railroads was master of the other, Mr. Hill and his associates, as individuals, secured control of the Northern Pacific, and then seeking further expansion and protection boldly went into the market and almost at a single stroke came into the possession of the great Burlington system. In finance this was a gigantic operation; in the politics of railroad management it was unmatched, and it met an opposing party.

E. H. Harriman, who through the pathway of a banker's office became interested in the Illinois Central, and thence went to the Union Pacific, signalizing his new vocation by the dramatic purchase of the Southern Pacific, perceived that through the control of the Burlington, the Hill group would be in a position to offer damaging competition, as he thought, with the Union Pacific. Therefore, Mr. Harriman, not appalled by the need of \$80,000,000 to accomplish his purpose, with the aid of the German bankers in New York and through the employment of magnificent credit, attempted to buy what was equivalent to the controlling interest of the Northern Pacific. Thus the most momentous of railway struggles was initiated. It was terminated by a truce and then by a compromise. This compromise involved a forced community of interest by which the Harriman party is represented in the Hill property. Meanwhile, Mr. Harriman, with resistless energy, sought to bring about a perfect combination of the great Pacific lines south of the Dakotas.

These developments, all compassed within four years, have created five great railway groups—the first dominated by the Vanderbilt interest; the second by the Pennsylvania, these two controlling the trunk line traffic with the east; the third controlled by the Gould interest; the fourth, the great northwestern group, known by Mr. Hill's name; and the fifth, the far western, identified as Mr. Harriman's roads.



Phonetic Fads

It is narrated that there was once a convention of Reformers in Saratoga during the racing season, and that the sayings and doings of these Reformers were so abundantly discussed in the newspapers as to disquiet a certain professional politician and induce him to go and see for himself what these strange creatures were up to. Doubtingly he entered the convention-hall, whence in a quarter of an hour he emerged beaming and exultant. "They won't do us any harm," he explained; "there are too many long-haired men and too many short-haired women in there ever to be really dangerous to anything!"

Every reform movement is impeded by the cranks and the freaks who join it—by the long-haired men and the short-haired women—who insist on pushing every theory to the utmost extremity, who are ever intolerant extremists, and who are therefore always repelling the sober common sense of the main body of the public, without whose cordial co-operation nothing can be accomplished. And often these cranks and these freaks still further impede the cause of progress by quarrelling among

themselves bitterly and foolishly. As Colonel Higginson, speaking out of the fullness of long-suffering experience, once declared, "Reformers are like Eskimo dogs, which have to be harnessed to the sledge each by its traces, or else they will devour one another."

Just at present the so-called spelling reformers are sharply divided among themselves. Everybody knows that the existing orthography of the English language is atrocious; it is less scientific and more cumbersome than that of any other modern language. It is absurdly misleading, since it does not represent either the sounds of the words or their history. It has no defenders except those stolid conservatives who. in Douglas Jerrold's phrase, "refuse to look at the new moon out of respect for that ancient institution, the old one," and who are now insisting that nothing should ever be improved in any way, and that what was good enough for our grandfathers ought to be good enough for us.

Although the iniquity and the foolishness of our existing orthography is obvious and although everybody knows how our mischievous spelling delays the spread of our language in foreign countries, yet little or nothing seems to be accomplished toward amending the evil. And one reason for this public lethargy is that the more ardent spelling-reformers frighten the average man by asking too much. They insist that the only logical thing to do is to adopt a phonetic spelling which would require a new phonetic alphabet—or at least a modification of the existing letters of the alphabet to represent more adequately the sounds of our speech.

Now this is mere foolishness; it is absolute waste of effort. The ingrained conservatism of the main body of those who speak English, whether in Great Britain or in the United States, is such that no change of this sort will even be considered. People will not learn a new alphabet: they will not even permit a violent modification of the orthographic forms they are accustomed to. Every attempt to introduce a radical phonetic spelling is worse than a misdirection of energy; it is a positive hindrance to the cause of orthographic improvement. The one thing that can be done is to make haste slowly and to concentrate interest, first of all, in ridding our orthography of vexatious superfluities. Our spelling will never be radically reformed, but it can be—and it will be—gradually simplified. In fact, the history of the language shows that simplification has been going on for centuries and that every generation has cast out superfluous letters. For example, early in the nineteenth century we Americans ejected the u from "honor," "color," etc., which our British brethren still retain, although they had already dropped it from "governor," "anterior," etc.

No longer do we write about "political economy" as our grandfathers did, but most of us still write "æsthetic," "mediæval," "hæmorrhage," etc., although an increasing number of scholars are now careful always to write "esthetic," "medieval," "hemorrhage"—which are the spellings authorized by the Gentury Dictionary and always seen in the Gentury

Magazine. There is no reason why all these double letters should not be reformed out of existence; and the change is so slight that it will meet with only a little opposition (however violent and vociferous this may show itself).

And the simplification of our spelling can be aided also by the omission of the final letters in certain words in which these final letters linger superfluous. Already are we getting accustomed to "catalog," although it has not yet ousted "catalogue"; and "prolog" and "dialog" and "decalog" will become more and more familiar in the course of the next few years. Already are we inclined to write "tho" and "altho" in our familiar letters; and there is no reason why we should not employ the briefer form on the printed page also. Already is "program" apparently preferred to "programme." Perhaps in the near future "technic" (which both Dowell and Arnold spelled thus) will drive out the foreign "technique." Perhaps in a few years we shall manage to eject the absurd h in "rhyme" and to use the older and simpler "rime" or "ryme," familiar in Coleridge's "Rime of the Ancient Mariner."

It is idle to wait until there is general agreement upon these simplifications. What those must do who wish to keep English fit for use and up to its highest efficiency, is to adopt themselves whatever simplifications they individually prefer, each making his own choice and being guided by his own preferences. This is the quickest method of breaking up the apparent uniformity which now impedes progress and of bringing about that condition of orthographic chaos which must precede any real improvement in our spelling. The most timid may rest assured that the dogged conservatism of our stock will prevent any breach with the past.

Frauder Stat hure

Calhoun's Triumph

The most important feature of our present day politics is the triumph of Calhoun's theory of government. His own career was the most pathetic failure of American history. He died defeated in all his hopes and aspirations; but the ideas of a great man have greater vitality than his renown, and while Calhoun himself is but the shadow of a name his principles now rule the country.

The doctrine of state sovereignty was a practical application of Calhoun's theory of government dictated by the exigencies of his times. The theory itself is of general application and may be realized in any institution of government which is appropriate to its operation. The principle upon which it rests is that every part should have the power to stay the whole in matters affecting its own interests. He declared: "It is this mutual negative among various conflicting interests which invests each with the power of protecting itself; and places the rights and safety of each, where only they can be securely placed, under its own guardianship. Without this there can be no systematic, peaceful, or effective resistance to the natural tendency of each to come into conflict with the others; and without this there can be no constitution. It is this negative power—the power of preventing or arresting the action of the government -be it called by what term it may-veto, interposition, nullification, check, or balance of power-which in fact forms the constitution."

Calhoun's category did not include the term by which nullification has at last been made effective. It has now been established under the cover of Senate procedure. Nothing can be put to vote save by general consent, and this in fact forms the constitution. The rules of the Senate originally provided that "in case of a debate becoming tedious, four senators may call for the question," and this means

of ending debate was freely used. Now there is no way of terminating debate save by agreement, and hence any legislation to which resolute objection is made may be indefinitely postponed.

This triumph of Calhoun's ideas illustrates a principle of government of which history affords many examples, namely, that it is not the thing that is done but the name given to it that counts. So long as institutions do not change their names their character may be changed without exciting resistance, until imperceptibly they have been completely transformed. The people of this country would not tolerate a House of Lords but they indulge the growth of individual political control greater than any baronage ever possessed. While everywhere else in the world privilege is decaying and popular authority is increasing, in this country privilege has obtained extreme development, and by a process of development so gradual as to escape notice, the character of our government has been altered. Calhoun revolted public sentiment by naming the thing he meant to do. He challenged antagonism, and was crushed by the conflict he evoked. His ideas have triumphed by evading conflict with any other institution of government. No right of prerogative is asserted; the ordinary machinery of government works as usual; parties differ and recriminate as is their practice; but nullification has delineated for itself a sphere in which it operates without constraint or antagonism. The people may amuse themselves by declaring for or against reciprocity, or for high or low tariff; or by putting into the presidential office this or that representative of their desire; but there the matter ends unless all interests in the Senate consent to action.

This system of government secures all the benefits of oligarchical rule without restraining popular activity in the affairs of government. The people may freely voice their demands, and signify them at the polls, but real interests are placed out of the reach of popular determination either as expressed in Congress or in the election of the president. A few sagacious and experienced men, without assuming responsibility for results, decide actual legislation by conference among themselves, in which each must defer to every other. The working of the system possesses peculiar interest from its unparalleled character. It is true the constitution of Poland was based upon the same principle, but Poland is dead.

Strang Jones Ford

Concerning Jags

Variety is not the spice of life; it is a necessary ingredient. Unbroken monotony is inconsistent with mental vigor; and the more sensitive the mental tissue the more it cries out against monotony. The feminine mind (for minds, like bodies, are male and female, although I confess that occasionally the sex of mind and body do not correspond) finds simple relief in dress, or at times in the contemplation of the man, although men must eventually become excessively uninteresting as objects of contemplation. The minds of men most naturally seek in battle the needed refresh-All vigorous nations have kept themselves in good order by war, at least one war to each generation being felt necessary. When a fight was not on, the warrior found in alcohol a relief to monotony. War and feasting, the shock of combat and the drinking bout, are the principal themes of ancient epic.

Can a race settle down into endless peace and unbroken monotony of self-control without degenerating? This is a problem worthy of earnest thought. No race so far in the world's history has done so without in time losing its home and its independence.

In modern nations the war of political parties has filled to some degree the place of the old-time war of swords. In the social and domestic spheres, among the more cultured circles, fads and isms afford considerable relief from daily routine. It is down in the ranks of the toiler for daily bread that the awful blight of the humdrum is most keenly felt, and here the need of an intelligent form of jag is most evident. Dress is forbidden as a luxury beyond attainment. Alcoholic excess is a curse whose hideous after-results are only too well known. Literature has come in as a blessed relief to countless thousands. A cosy corner sofa, a first-class novel, and for a few hours toil, worry, and weariness are forgotten in a voyage through some new world of the imagination or through an old world where one may look on without personal responsibility at the strange panorama of human life. Or history with its quaint recitals, or poetry with its untrammeled fancy, will pour the floods of Lethe over the tired spirit.

Earnest men and women have of late years labored with wonderful success to combat the monotony of the lives of their less favored fellow beings. Much has already been done through cheap entertainments, through holiday festivals, through summer vacations for mother and child. Only the edge of the problem has, however, been touched. The great mass of humanity groan for a relief to the dreadful ennui of existence.

Blessed is he who shall find or devise a new and harmless jag that shall come into the tired lives of the masses like a burst of sunshine on a leaden day, dispersing the haunting shadows of vice-jags, and giving the necessary relief from grinding monotony without any demoralizing after-effects.

ak Bond

An International Illusion

There is a common opinion that this country has reached such a stage of advancement that it is capable of producing much more than it can consume, and that our foreign trade, therefore, must expand in order that the "surplus" may be worked off on foreigners. Imbedded in this notion of a "surplus" is a fallacy that has been responsible for many a war between nations, and which even now is the mother of international jealousy and bitterness. Statesmen in every country, anxious to find markets for the "surplus" products of their people and realizing that other countries are seeking to do the same thing, are urging all sorts of ingenious schemes whereby their particular country may get the advantage of all others. From one point of view the foreign trade of the Western world, which we call the civilized portion of the world, is a wild scramble for markets, for "surpluses," each country trying to "get there" first and measuring its triumph by the amount of goods it unloads upon foreign consumers.

A very little thinking should convince any one that this "surplus" notion is unsound. Indeed, it yields readily a reduction ad absurdum. If each year is to bring to us an inevitable "surplus" of products, what is to be our fate when the peoples of other countries have learned our industrial and economic secrets, and no longer need our services? There will then be no market for our alleged "surplus," and we shall have to fold our hands in idleness while the sheriff seals our plethoric warehouses and bursting granaries. We shall have plenty of company in our misery, for every other nation will be equally unable to get rid of its "surplus." Like us, all other peoples will "surfeit with too much." Unless some timely war or plague or drought should reduce a district to suffering and want, the earth would be apoplectic with prosperity, manufacturers and merchants would have no customers, and the masses of the world's workingmen would be unable to sell their labor because nobody would want its product. All creation would suffer, like W. D. Howells' little folks, from "Christmas every day in the year."

The fundamental economic truth is that the labor and capital of every country always seek those industries which local conditions render most profitable. Frequently mistakes are made and this or that industry is overdone; then prices fall and profits fail, the producer consults his economic compass, and goes where the needle points to highest profits. If a man produces more of a particular good than he can sell at a profit, he has made a mistake, and his product, from his point of view, may be regarded as a "surplus." A whole nation may make the same mistake, and is quite likely to do so whenever legislation artificially stimulates an industry and opens up an apparently boundless market before the producer's imagination.

The surplus fallacy is not a harmless one, deserving to be cleared away merely for the sake of theory. It possesses the minds of business men and leads to foolish and wasteful legislation. Furthermore, it embitters nation against nation. England's hatred for Germany, which may lead even to war, is born of it more than of any other one thing. Demagogues in Europe, some of them statesmen holding high official positions, are industriously stirring up hostility against the United States on the ground that our industrial success means the industrial ruin of Europe. The surplus fallacy is at the bottom of all this international nonsense. It is time for business men and for statesmen in all countries to get rid of the medieval notion that political boundaries are of any economic or commercial signifi-

Commercially speaking, Europe and the United States are one, just as much as they would be if the stars and stripes floated over every government office between St. Petersburg and San Francisco. Indeed, if the imperial expansion of the United States should include all Europe, our trade with the people whom we now call German would be dollar for dollar no more and no less important to us than it is now; and they, for their part, would be benefited by it no more and no less than they are now. Then we would no longer strive to get some impossible advantage of them as the result of a law or treaty, but would take it for granted that whatever worked for the glory and industrial advantage of one part of that imperial United States would result in an increase of wealth that might be shared by all. Pennsylvania's iron mines would compete with those of Spain and Austria just as they now do with those of Alabama, and if a cotton mill in the South found it advantageous to import machinery from England rather than from Massachusetts, it would occur to nobody that the country was in danger of a panic. The mere fact that the goods from England or Germany now pass through custom houses gives them no baleful potency. This truth is one which must be thoroughly understood before the enactment of foolish laws will cease, and before nations will stop trying to capture by war or legislation markets than can be won only by industry.

Jr French Johnny

The Present and the Future

One who talked with the late Thomas B. Reed in the last year of his life tells of hearing him close a three hours' fascinating monologue on the deeper themes of life—"life, its uncertainty, its real rewards; fame, its accidents and its emptiness; death, immortality, and God"—with these words, accompanied by a sigh: "Heigh ho! what does it all mean? where is it

going? who are we? what is this unfathomed mystery we call life? God knows. I don't." Mr. Reed was never orthodox in his belief on many matters deemed important to evangelical thinkers, but he was of a speculative turn of mind, rigorously ethical in his judgments, and, like all men of his temperament, intolerant of the notion that he must some day cease to be; but it seems he was agnostic as to the future life.

The late Joseph Parker, of London, "the Ruskin of the Anglo-Saxon pulpit" as he has aptly been called since his recent death, lost his adored wife a few years ago. His neighbor, friend, and chosen eulogist, W. Robertson Nicoll, says that with the death of his wife came a period of storm and stress for him when he was very uncertain as to the permanence of personality beyond the grave, a period lasting until very near his own death.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, newly sworn justice of the Federal Supreme Court, is an agnostic, not only as to the world to come but as to this world, frankly affirming that all is illusion here, that certitude is not to be found. In his address before the Middlesex bar, just as he was leaving Boston to go to Washington, he said: "It has seemed to me that certainty is an illusion; that we have few scientific data on which to affirm that one rule rather than another has the sanction of the universe; that we can rarely be sure that one tends more distinctly than its opposite to the survival and welfare of society where it is practised, and that the wisest are but blind guides."

These are typical illustrations of a state of mind that is far more widely diffused than spiritual guides of the community would like to confess. It affects the average man. Rev. John Watson (Ian Maclaren), of Liverpool, has recently borne testimony to the change, even in his day, in the attitude of dying men and women toward the future life and human destiny.

He finds among those whom he is called to serve as a minister of the Christian faith none of the old horror of dying, but as well little or none of that old ecstasy and certitude of faith. He finds desire by the dying for the ease and comfort of those who are to be left behind, and solicitude lest they be unprovided for in this world, but the searching questions about personal destiny which used to be asked and any keen anxiety as to conscious personal existence in another world, Dr. Watson has not found: nor do American preachers as they go about the comfortably off, wellto-do folk, whose number increases every year.

In so far as this state of mind represents indifference or gross carnality, entire satisfaction with the present, and an "Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die" spirit, it is reprehensible and deplorable. But in so far as it is the outgrowth of a truer conception of the oneness of all time and all stages of existence, and a passing away of the old conception that this world was created, as it were, an experiment station for probationary discipline, it is to be praised. Just so certain as the conviction becomes prevalent that the life hereafter is necessary as a complement of this life for the perfecting of those qualities of the soul which cannot by any endeavor come to perfection here, then solicitude, both as to the fact and the character of life beyond, ceases, and life here becomes serener and the prospect of death less disturbing.

And it is significant that whereas much scepticism is prevalent now in circles that are just being touched in their thought by the implications of a materialistic philosophy which was dominant in academic circles a decade or two ago, the fact now is that materialistic philosophy has lost standing in the circles of thinkers and is being displaced by an idealistic philosophy with all its postulates as to the necessity of stages of conscious personality other than the one lived here on earth.

In due time the reaction will come among the second-hand thinkers and with the multitudes, as it already has come among the men of original and fundamental thought.

Jugaling homs

Trades-Unionizing Genius

The question was lately raised in the discussions of a certain club whether the difference between great men and little men, or at least between great men and lesser men, is as marked as people generally suppose. A man in the company who is familiar with the business of typography cited the fact, rather as illustration than as proof, that though there is great disparity of reputation between compositors in the speed of their work, some being accounted so swift that they are called men of lightning, while others are so slow that they are called snails, yet no compositor has ever been found who was able to double the product of any other; even the slowest, the feeblest, the least skilful, is ever more than half the man that the swiftest is.

Who knows but that were it not for adventitious circumstances, or some subtle persuasion of one's fellows by a sort of guile, or the mere tendency of the crowd to run after a man who is already run after, every one of us might be deemed to have exceeded that half of the output of Shakespeare or Napoleon? Does not Napoleon look well-nigh as little as any of us in the picture that Mme. de Rémusat's intimate memoirs drew of him? And as for Shakespeare, we all know how he dwindles to something less than our own stature when we let the Baconians measure his record. It is evident that all we need is an Amalgamated Association of Genius to take into its membership all persons who undertake to do anything in the world, which shall grade all rewards down to a certain uniform wage, and strike a fair workaday average between Shakespeare, representing probably 100 per cent. of genius, and Blifkins, representing peradventure 60 per cent., all unrecognized. The equity and usefulness of this arrangement must instantly strike even President Eliot, whose bold challenge of the principle of uniform rewards in all sorts of service, and of the holding down of those who might excel to the level of those who cannot excel, has attracted so much attention.

J. E. Chemberlin

April Fools

God bless them! But, mind you, I do not mean the shallow, capering, holiday fools who play the mischief with human dignity on their licensed festival, though even for these I have a secret liking. The genuine April Fools are "fools by divine compulsion," fools who bear an April heart undimmed through all the sultry, stormy circle of the year. It is pleasant to see young faces aglow with faith in human nature, to hear young voices championing a forlorn cause, the forlorner the better; but it is more refreshing yet to find that same trustful enthusiasm sparkling in eyes shadowed by gray hair, to hear the man whose confidence had been fifty times abused proclaiming with undiminished certitude and joy that he has discovered a diamond in another world-kicked pebble.

April herself is "the cap of all the fools alive." Why such rapturous excitement over the hackneyed spectacle of spring, this brief, trembling pageant of arbutus, apple-blossoms, bluebirds? What does it amount to, after all?

But April, an eternal child, laughs and weeps above a new anemone as if it were of consequence. Every tiny speckled egg in shadow of a dancing wisp of weed is precious to her. And when one of the soft, wandering winds that do her errands brings her word of a poet scribbling by the brookside, she claps her hands, musically, like brook answering to brook, believing that the riddle of life will now be solved by means of a stubby lead-pencil.

If the zodiac were so arranged that April and November could ever meet, one may imagine how bitterly the thin, russet-gowned sister would reproach her violet-eyed foregoer. For, as an upshot of all that blithesome expectation, what is there to be seen but a ragged, empty landscape? The July heats have counted off in the cruel cities their accustomed tale of victims—horses, babies, the overworked and overworn. There has been the usual high record of midsummer crime. The zodiac was considerate of April when it put November, tart of tongue as her own belated cranberries, out of scolding reach.

There is an autumnal wisdom rife in the Anglo-Saxon world, a sombre, patient wisdom, worthy of all respect. It knows that flowers fade, that singing-birds fly away and leave their nests to be torn by the wind and weighted by the snow. Most of us learn, even in our springtide days, to take counsel of November, who is undoubtedly the sounder business woman. Our souls are frosted before their season. All the more love, then-for society will give them little else-to those of autumn date who are still April Fools in spirit, hoping all things-those who journey on into the wintry cold with the very fragrance of the spring upon them! Their purses are light as withered leaves, but their hearts are lighter. Though they speak folly, thrushes are in their tones. Well, well! "God give them wisdom that have it, and those that are fools, let them use their talents."

Katharone Les Prales

A Feeder of Socialism

Of all the agencies through which the classes unconsciously yet most actively and most persistently inflame the discontent among the masses, and thus foster "socialism" and "anarchy," one of the least considered, but perhaps the most potent of all, is the so-called Society Column of the daily newspapers.

I use the words "socialism" and "anarchy" not because I profess to know what they mean, but because they are popular terms used to describe (without defining) what everybody vaguely fears will some time or other be the outcome of the vast and growing differences of material condition among our people.

The discontent which is supposed to be the first stage of the fearful cataclysm hidden behind the veil of the future is daily fanned and fed by the Society Column. Diurnal iteration intensifies the effect of the publicity given to the most trivial doings of the rich—and mostly of the idle rich. All sorts and conditions of men nowadays read the daily papers, and there they see continuously set forth the doings of the idle rich with a particularity of detail and a wealth of rhetoric which historical and scientific and philanthropic subjects can command only when they are of the most exceptional and sweeping importance.

It is not in human nature—at least not in American human nature—to read day after day of the expenditure on mere luxury, on the mere effort to kill time, on a single evening's entertainment, of more money than the reader may hope to gain by years and perhaps even by a lifetime of honest toil, and not have emotions aroused which it were better should slumber.

The rich have the right to enjoy their money in their own way, but they are not wise in flaunting the doing of it so constantly in the faces of the people, many of whom would like to imitate the Babylonian indulgences of which they daily read, and are daily more embittered by their inability to do so. Apparently there is an inordinate desire among the classes to advertise to the masses all their doings, to tell where they go, and what they eat, and what they wear, and what games they play at—matters as to which a decent reticence would be more seemly.

The masses should of course have sufficient philosophy not to read the drivel of the Society Column, and not to care about it if they do read it, but philosophers have always been few among men, and even fewer among women, and therefore it is that the rich would do something to delay that which they most fear—(the topsyturvying of the social order, whether called "socialism" or "anarchy" or some more accurate name)—by being somewhat more modest and retiring in the matter of supplying the petty details of their daily lives for publication.

F. A. Crandall

History Making and History Writing

Why are New Englanders the bravest and most brilliant of America's sons, and why do their deeds emblazon the pages of American histories? The answer is the same as to the old conundrum: "Why are the Jews the chosen people?" That answer is, "Because they wrote the book."

The New Englanders write the histories, and the rest of the world read them and accept them as gospel truth. And the New England societies scattered through the West meet annually to hear addresses declaring the New Englanders the chosen people, and their speeches reported in the newspapers serve to confirm the impression.

No reflection is intended on the sense of justice of New Englanders, nor is it intimated that they deliberately pervert the facts because of their loyalty to the men whom they have been taught from babyhood to regard as godlike. The bias is hereditary and unconscious. A man who is in the habit of thinking along certain lines unconsciously becomes prejudiced. Born with theories, he naturally becomes an unwitting collector of facts to bear out his theories, and, worse than this, without realizing it he comes to subordinate unfavorable facts and exalt those that appeal to him. This innate tendency is the cause of the division of the Christian religion into sects, especially since the tendency is strengthened by environment. And laws are construed by courts in accordance with this unconscious bias, just as texts are construed by clergymen. Witness the decisions of the Supreme Court on States rights cases. "There are none so blind as those who won't see." Granted: but those who think they see but can't are quite as blind.

The Frenchmen and the Englishmen who write histories of the Napoleonic wars find different motives for the figures that stand out on their pages, and extol different heroes. The general who is a hero to the historian of the victorious country is a bandit to the historian of the nation that was vanquished.

A striking example of this innate bias is found in the encyclopedias, where one would expect accuracy. The French encyclopedias give a Frenchman the credit of the invention of the locomotive, the English give it to Stephenson, and the American (Appleton's) to Oliver Evans. The Germans claim a German invented the telephone, the Russians that a Russian invented the telegraph, and the English also have an inventor for the telegraph. All names are usually mentioned, but the chief prominence is given to the inventor of the country of the person who writes the book. The names familiar to the people of one country as great inventors are almost unknown to the people of another.

A German history of science in the nineteenth century bristles with names unmentioned by similar histories written by Americans.

And this is the real reason why New England makers of histories regard New Englanders as the makers of history. If a Virginia school of historians had arisen, the histories would read differently. In what? We cannot answer that question within the limit of a brief editorial; especially as if specifications were made these should be accompanied by proof sufficient to convince anyone outside of New England, and it would require several thousand words to demolish reputations established by whole libraries of books. But enough has been said to show why the New Englanders are the chosen people. Moreover, they will remain so, for if not the sources, at any rate the interpretations thereof by later historians not New Englanders are gained from the chosen people themselves or from those who studied history in colleges under professors who are of the chosen people.

Monthandy

The Efficiency of Modern Engineering

The progress made by engineers during recent years in the utilization of water-powers has been truly remarkable, and evidence is to be found in many places that the recent coal famine has given great prominence to the value of this feature in the country's development. Water storage in vast reservoirs is receiving much attention. Congress has been urged by President Roosevelt to consider the needs of irrigation in certain sections of the country, and the Water Storage Commission of New York State, in its annual report, advocates the regulation of streams at flood-time by reservoirs, pointing out the

industrial value of the power which might be derived from the water so controlled. In all such suggestions of great projects there is an accompanying conviction that the engineering methods of today are equal to the demands of the time.

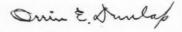
Nature's concentration of power at Niagara is one of the wonders of the world. For many centuries mankind viewed and admired the spectacle of the Falls, impressed with the magnitude of the power which might be made available if a plan to harness the waters could be found. When the industrial growth of the country called for the development of such a power as Niagara, and electrical science had advanced to where it could aid in the distribution and utilization of the energy, there was no trouble about finding a method to bring about the development. In a dozen years Niagara has advanced to first place in the generation of electrical power, and is an admirable example of the excellence of modern engineering methods. If objection is made to concentrating the power supply of a large section in one plant, no better answer can be given than to point out an incident that occurred recently at Niagara Falls, for what was accomplished there justifies the belief that electrical engineers of today are fully equal to emergencies, no matter how great these emergencies may be.

On the night of this incident a bolt of lightning entered the transforming station of the Niagara Falls Power Company and started a fire in the basement of the building. Before the flames had been extinguished 50,000 electrical horse power had been temporarily imprisoned in the great generating station by the destruction of the fifty-two cables that conducted it through a bridge to the transformer station. Estimating that a man is capable of performing the work of one-tenth of a horse power for eight hours a day, this imprisoned force of 50,000 horse power represented the energy of an army of 500,000 able-bodied

men. The tying up of this amount of Niagara's energy had the effect of extinguishing the municipal and domestic electric lighting of Buffalo, Lockport, the Tonawandas, and Niagara Falls. It crippled over 350 miles of electric railways, and brought enforced idleness to over 150 industrial plants in the cities mentioned. Such facts illustrate the critical nature of the disaster. None of the generators in the big station was injured, but they were all useless until the copper threads were restored to aid in the distribution of their energy.

The electrical engineers met the disaster with good nerve. The fire was conquered at midnight. It had interrupted both the light and telephone service of the wonderful station. Headlights were brought into service until new wires could be run for electric lighting. The interruption of the telephone service made it impossible for the company's patrons to reach the station to ascertain the trouble, while it was also impossible for the officials to call the men off duty back to work. Carriages were obtained, and in these messengers hurried about the city calling men and getting necessary supplies. From the crowd that assembled to witness the fire, laborers were engaged. By one o'clock, an hour after the fire was out, over two hundred men were at work on the repairs. By seven o'clock in the morning all cables required for the long distance service had been renewed between the transformer station and the generating station. By one o'clock in the afternoon an entirely new installation of 22,000 volt wiring, including connections from the transformers and connections to the transmission lines, had been designed and installed, a performance made necessary by the deluge of water that had been thrown among the transformers in the station. In spite of short circuits in three transformers and the time taken to locate and remedy them, Buffalo was receiving Niagara power in nineteen hours after the fire started, while the local tenants of the company were taken back at earlier periods.

With electrical engineers who are capable of performing such remarkable feats, there is no reason why the power supply of the vast section should not be concentrated in a single station. But Niagara will be more fortunate than it is possible for many places to be, for it will soon have three stations, each of 50,000 electrical horse-power output, to give protection to the wonderful service its development affords.



Some Vulgar Fractions

John Doe tells us that President Roosevelt's literary sense revolts at the abuse of his noble phrase, "The Strenuous Life." Small wonder. We have countless Tom Noddies who mount every stout word and high-stepping idiom as it comes in sight, and ride it until it declines from a serviceable nag into a spiritless hack.

But the President wearies of the phrase and not of the fact, for his temperament, like Martin Luther's, constrains him. "Here stand I: I cannot help it."

However, if, as John Doe says, the President is making notable pleas for The Simple Life, we may be sure that he is only putting a fresh label on the old medicine. The strenuous life, to be effective, must be made simple. The machine making the divine struggle must be rid of complex and superfluous gearing, so that its power may be directly applied to its object. Even our active and ardent President may have his faint moments when he could groan, like good Quaker Fox, at work in his cobbler-shop: "So bandaged and hampered, and hemmed in with a thousand requisitions, obligations, straps, tatters, and tagrags, I can neither see nor move: not my own am I, but the World's. What binds me here? Want, want! Ha, of what? Will all the shoe-wages under the Moon ferry me across into that Land of Light? I will to the woods: the hollow of a tree will lodge me, wild berries feed me; and for clothes cannot I stitch myself one perennial suit of leather?"

Zeal longs to mate with simplicity, as the old algebraic worthy x longs for y. To the man who lives strenuously but not simply, fortune gives bad nerves; to him who lives simply without zeal—an Omar with Book and Jug beneath the Bough, a Micawber with a sixpenny theory of happiness, a village philosopher on his mackerel keg, an afternoon farmer working for salt pork and sundown—fortune turns coldly, and—as they say in Derbyshire—"gives him turnips!"

In formulæ, then:

x + y = success

x - y = bad nerves

y - x = turnips

I know a man in a Massachusetts village who, hardy and intelligent, having made his little properties compact, enjoys at sixty years all creature comforts on five hundred dollars a year; with a little house, a little garden, a little wife, a little horse, a little dog, and a little canary—all the best of their kind. He gives little and does little, and his little Nirvâna where he lives in all his littleness has over its portal in invisible letters, "Ego proximus mihi."

This dream of desirelessness can be realized by most of us, if we at once set about reducing our ambitions and make ready to let go. By cutting off expensive tastes and interests, by arranging an income to cover our diminished needs (with an extra Micawber sixpence), we may hope to enter into that state of rest where, like the tired old housewife, we can "jes set an' think o' nothin'."

Happily for an unfinished world, thoughtful men, discontented men, active men our only benefactors—will never thus reduce their life fraction to its lowest terms by elimination of all that makes the struggle worth while.

Such men will not begrudge the effort which lies between Mr. Dooley's "pot iv stirabout on th' peat fire" and his wellbeloved "bacon an' greens an' porther"; between a house containing a bath-tub and good pictures and one furnished with a feather-bed and a frying-pan; between a silk-lined overcoat and a rusty gabardine; between a society of good manners and one where one needs only to know the best way to gnaw a bone. No, this dream of the hollow tree and Edenic simplicity is dangerous to the man's character who entertains it. The mind that Emerson calls "valid" learns how to simplify life without impoverishing it. "Our painful labors are unnecessary. There is a better way."

Abram S. Hewitt, who has just passed to his reward, has said that he economized by never doing for himself what he could pay another for doing equally well. Frances Willard took no thought for the morrow about food and clothes. Friends and secretaries removed obstructions and eased cares for her. The impetuous and impatient should often rock to the time of that restful couplet:

Don Juan Fernando Can't do more than he can do,—

for while nature is bent on expression, art and wisdom are bent on economy and direction of that expression.

So we may fairly conclude that a forceful man is successful when he has learned what he wants to do, how to throw off non-essentials, how to make his working apparatus simple but adequate, and then how to concentrate and apply his power promptly and economically. We have, perhaps, no symbol of life better than Teufelsdröckh's fraction, the numerator representing the powers and resources and the denominator the desires and aims. But the passionate gentleman from Weissnichtwo would put us all in Nirvana by lessening the denominator indefinitely. Such is not today's ideal. The struggle must be toward the final approachment of numerator and denominator until a Godlike wholeness and balance is worked out, although after vigintillions of ages we may look something like $\frac{1}{x}$. The fraction of the average man is about $\frac{5}{9}$; of a successful man, $\frac{8.9}{9}$; of the sentimental altruist who yearns rather than earns, \(\frac{2}{9}\). Thoreau, who wanted much Peace and some Pie, might be expressed by \(\frac{9}{8} \) (obviously "improper" and "mixed"); our Massachusetts villager by 9/2, and all Happy Hooligans by $\frac{-1}{9.9}$. If we can change our denominator without retreat or loss, let us set about it, but carefully, lest we reduce the value of our fraction. That man who knows how to keep his aims heavenward, while getting earthly independence, is certainly a proper fraction and a noble American.

Carreis Stop Johnson

Preachers and Preaching

This age that has been vaguely and enthusiastically lauded as the age of action is also, incongruously enough, the age of exhortation. The doer and the preacher are united in one man as never before. Perchance, it falls to the lot of some energetic or fortunate mortal to do some one thing better than other mortals have done it, and the praise of him is on every lip. Voila! He straightway sets up as the preacher of righteousness and the guide to the way of life for struggling youth. Does he sink a ship in a narrow channel for the purpose of completing the blockade of an enemy's fleet? He immediately becomes an authority on foreign commerce, diplomatic negotiations, domestic policies, colonial empires-what you will. Long dinner tables listen in rapt attention to his prophetic rhapsodies and applaud his pregnant deliverances, while gray-haired men, who were old in the ways of the merchant, the lawyer, and the diplomat long years before he was born, sit silent and alone.

Perhaps another man in the course of a long and frugal life may have built up a steel industry, let us say, which, besides being the biggest thing on record, nets him a snug little income of some ten or fifteen millions a year. This is all very well, although not quite in accord with the copy-book maxim that virtue is its own reward. But, forthwith, this thrifty millionaire dons the cassock and goes forth to instruct the ignorant. And of what does he preach? Does he tell the multitudes how to make steel at a fair profit? Not he. Perhaps he fears to give away some of the secrets of the trade. But politics, philosophy, history, morals, religion, international law-these are simple subjects of which any man, though a steel manufacturer, may speak. So he says to himself, "Go to! I will devote myself to these frivolous topics since I see the world greatly in need of enlightenment." And hundreds of young men sit at his feet to catch the pearls that he showers recklessly on the multitude.

It is the curse of ubiquitous oratory that is laid upon the world—a reaction from the principle of the division of labor in the industrial realm. Is it because we value preaching so highly that we are willing to listen to even poor sermons, or so little that we do not care whether the words be wise or foolish? At any rate, the wisdom of insisting that men know whereof they speak before they loose their tongues is obvious. Let the naval constructor declare the beauties of naval construction; the steel master unfold the mysteries of steel making; give the lawyer a chance to tell what he knows of law, the historian of history, the philosopher of philosophy and morals, and the professional preacher of religion. So doing, this world will probably be a wiser place, and certainly a much happier one for those few of us who are doomed by fate to listen and say nothing.

albert Britt

The Power of the Artist

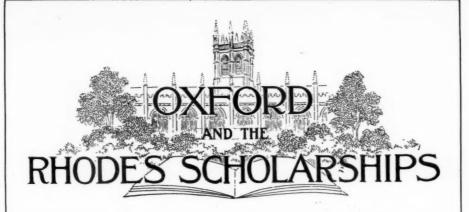
That all art should be true to life is a dictum which appeals to every one's common sense. Why it should be true to life, is a question we do not stop to ask. Much less do we think of asking whether it should not be something more.

The truth is that all art (and literature is but one of the fine arts) has to be true to life for one purpose only—to convince us, to make the illusion perfect. For when art can make us feel assured that it is only giving us a transcript from actual life or actual nature, the artist has us in his power and can mould us to his will. But he must always pass the barriers of reason before he can secure an audience with the spirit. When we can say of a story or a picture, "But this is impossible," the artist has lost his opportunity. We know it is all a delusion, and no longer care.

But after we are convinced that our story-teller is relating an actual incident, it still remains for him to move us greatly—to touch the springs of life within us, so that we shall be charmed and impassioned and stirred to action by what we have heard.

All art must convince us of its own probability; all art must delight or fascinate us; and great art must leave us other than it found us—more confident, more hopeful, more glad, more alive and competent to handle the life that is before us.

Blinfarman



"He that hath Oxford seen, for beauty, grace, And healthiness, ne'er saw a better place, If God on earth abode would make, He Oxford, sure, would for his dwelling take."

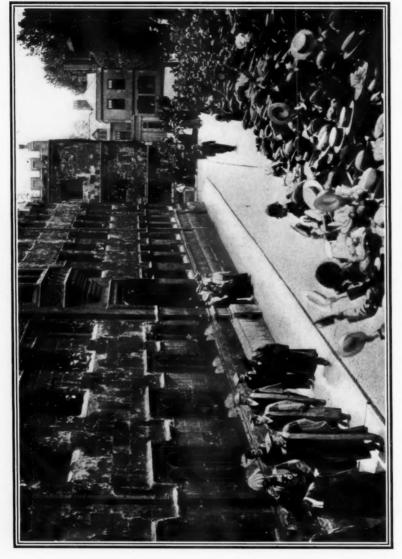
So wrote Dan Rogers, during the time he served as clerk to the Council of Queen Elizabeth, and his limping verse has been doubtless printed in every guide book to Oxford from that time to this. Does modern Oxford deserve Dan Rogers' fond The beauty and grace and salueulogy? brity that characterised sixteenth-century Oxford remain unchanged; the grey majestic towers still stand protectingly over the little city; the classic Isis yet ripples past its mouldered walls; and the rich historic associations that clustered about the famous seat of learning in Elizabeth's day have been made wealthier by three eventful centuries of time. Some new colleges have been added, some old colleges partially or wholly rebuilt, yet if Dan Rogers or Cardinal Wolsey or William of Wykeham were to revisit Oxford in the spirit, they would find themselves much more at home in the old university town, despite the lapse of three or four centuries, than does the twentieth-century American visitor.

Oxford is beautiful as ever and older than ever. Strictly speaking, there is no modern Oxford. Modern science and philosophy may hold a doubtful sway within its college walls, and an electric "tram" that tries to look up-to-date may run timidly through its main street, but the spirit and atmosphere of Oxford are yet the spirit and atmosphere of the past. The ghosts of almost ten centuries flit through its ancient halls, and an endless procession of

England's greatest sons has given it an undying lustre. The air is laden with traditions of past glories, and the mind falters beneath the myriad splendid stories that

the name of Oxford recalls.

Can its glories continue? Will Oxford learn to be Janus-faced, to look forward as well as backward? This is the question that is being forced every day more pressingly upon the authorities of the old University, and it is a question in which Americans have some slight practical, besides a wide sentimental, interest; for, by the somewhat whimsical yet wholly generous will of that intensely modern man of the world, Cecil Rhodes, American students will shortly be coming to Oxford, not singly or in couples, but by the score and by the hundred. From every State in the Union and from each of Great Britain's many democratic colonial communities young men will come to Oxford that they may imbibe and subsequently, perhaps, distill to their respective countrymen some measure of the culture, spirit, and influence of Oxford; something undefined and undefinable; something, however, that the great South African hoped and believed would make for the unity and permanence of the British Empire, so far as the colonial students were concerned, and for race unity so far as related to the American students. However visionary and vague the objects of Mr. Rhodes, and however ill-considered and indefinite his outline of the methods by which these objects were to be achieved, the terms of his will give to Americans a direct material interest in the University that they did not previously possess.



LORD KITCHENER AND CECIL RHODES

RETURNING FROM THE SHELDONIAN THEATRE, 1899, AFTER RECEIVING THE DEGREE OF D.C.L.

It is useless at present to conjecture as to the degree of success that will attend Mr. Rhodes' great project. The task of working out the plan of operation presented difficulties that seemed at the outset well-nigh insuperable. They had, nevertheless, to be grappled with, and a man was finally selected by the directors of the Rhodes Trust to reduce to a cold, practical basis the vaulting ambitions and vague ideals which found a not very intelligible expression in Mr. Rhodes' remarkable will.

Dr. Parkin, C.M.G., who accepted this onerous responsibility, must be regarded as a very happy choice. In the wider sense of the word, he is American, though born in the British dominions of America, and his connection with Oxford is precisely that which the Rhodes scholarships propose to give many Americans and colonials; that is to say, he spent some years at Oxford after having graduated from the University of his native province of New Brunswick. During his stay at Oxford Dr. Parkin became an intimate friend of Lord Milner, and the friendship thus established has never waned. Each became in time an ardent advocate of the imperial idea, Dr. Parkin espousing it in lectures and books, on the public platform, and in the daily press; and Lord Milner demonstrating the idea in the concrete in Egypt and South Africa.

We are not concerned here with the soundness or unsoundness of the British imperial idea, but since Dr. Parkin will conduct the scholarship negotiations with many of our institutions it is interesting to know that he is a man of broad mind, and if he has not the somewhat fantastic notion of an Anglo-Saxon fusion that seems in part to have prompted Mr. Rhodes' final testament, yet he has always manifested a feeling of most cordial friendship for the United States, and is sufficiently familiar with the people of the Republic to understand the American idea, as well as the British, which Mr. Rhodes apparently failed to do. It may be added that for several years previous to undertaking his present duties Dr. Parkin was Principal of Upper Canada College, Toronto, the fame of which emulates in Canada, so far as is compatible with the generally democratic spirit of our northern neighbors, that of Eton and Harrow in England. He is no novice, therefore, in the educational world.

Dr. Parkin has entered on his new and

complicated duties in a hopeful, even confident, spirit, and from time to time reports that he is making excellent progress. The vastness of the scope of the endowment, however, and the distances lying between the communities affected, not to speak of the delicate negotiations to be conducted in many cases, make the task necessarily a slow one. Every colony of the British Empire and every State of the American Union have to be visited, and the various leading educational authorities in each case



CECIL RHODES

consulted. The work is almost essentially that of one man, so that the numerous threads may be the more skilfully woven into a useful and lasting fabric; but not the utmost expedition and enthusiasm on Dr. Parkin's part can prevent the task occupying him yet for very many months to come. Of course it must be understood that Dr. Parkin is concerned only with the arrangement of a plan that will, as far as possible, carry out the objects stipulated in the will, not with the advocacy of those objects themselves, though, so far at least



AN OXFORD DOCTOR OF LAWS

FROM A PRINT PUBLISHED IN LONDON, 1808

as regards the unity of the British Empire. his enthusiasm rivals that entertained by Mr. Rhodes.

It is unfortunately the case, however, that the terms of Mr. Rhodes' will were such as to give real satisfaction to none of the parties concerned. Oxford itself is frankly dubious of the result of introducing into its exclusive, aristocratic atmosphere scores of ardent young republicans, and other scores of young men from those colonial communities of Britain which so distinguished an Oxford man as Goldwin Smith, with irritating frankness, has termed "rough, raw, and democratic," Moreover, Oxford really needed Cecil Rhodes' money, or any other money it could get, for the better equipment of its colleges, which get few of those financial windfalls that benefit less patrician institutions. The Rhodes bequest is complimentary in many ways to Oxford, but financially it hardly does more than increase the strain upon its resources.

As to the "colonials," if by this somewhat vague and doubtful term we can designate the ten or twelve millions of British residents in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Newfoundland, and the various South African and West Indian colonies, they are on the whole inclined to resent the fact that more than half of Mr. Rhodes' magnificent legacy is to go to Americans, and for a purpose that not one man in a hundred on either side of the Atlantic believes to be other than wildly chimerical. The other, and probably the primary, object of Mr. Rhodes, the intensifying of the feeling for imperial unity by means of an extension into the colonies of Oxford influence, is regarded by this class of "colonials" (of whom Dr. Parkin himself may be regarded as an apt and pleasing type) as sufficiently desirable and practicable to make it a matter for regret that all the money disposed of by the will was not devoted to this purpose. It is not, of course, intended to suggest that Dr. Parkin has in any way given expression to this thought or identified himself with it.

There remains the American view, and if one may gather into a sentence or two the point of the various comments and criticisms of the American press and of American educationists who have been interviewed by our enterprising journalists, it amounts to this: that, munificent as was Mr. Rhodes' gift, and generous and highminded as were his motives, the scheme generally is of doubtful value either as a factor in practical education or as an agency making for international amity, much less for that international unity of which Mr. Rhodes dreamed in some idle, unreflecting moments of his busy life.

Oxford is not regarded by Americans as equipped for profitable graduate studies, nor does she claim to be so equipped. She is not the equal of Yale or Harvard, of Columbia, Johns Hopkins, Chicago, California, or Pennsylvania, as a centre of research in special departments of learning. American students who forego the advantages of their own great universities to come to Oxford will actually receive an inferior educational equipment, if we omit consideration of that impalpable, indefinable Oxford stamp, which, however much desired by the Englishman, is not adapted to American life or traditions. On the other hand, the American student who passes through one of his own great universities can continue his studies with less benefit in Oxford than in his own country. As to the German scholarships, they are few in number, and are given for other objects than those associated with the American and colonial scholarships. The gift has, however, certainly not improved the relations between England and Germany.

Therefore, while it is hard and seems almost ungrateful to come to such a conclusion, it must none the less be admitted that Mr. Rhodes' will really pleases nobody, and certainly will not accomplish the objects he had at heart. In individual cases it will undoubtedly occasionally produce satisfactory and agreeable results; but regarded as a whole, Mr. Rhodes' dreams, and the methods by which he sought to give life to his dreams, must be regarded as idle and impracticable, so far, at least, as Americans are concerned. Yet the future is long and the Rhodes scholarships are a permanent foundation, and it is not impossible that time may see the evolution of some method of utilising Mr. Rhodes' wealth and generous intentions in such a way as to benefit both America and England and to promote friendship between them.

The attitude of Oxford itself remains, meanwhile, the point of most moment to the various communities outside of England that are concerned in the bequest. It was remarked above that the University



DR. GROSVENOR, THE GREAT OXFORD SURGEON

FROM A PRINT PUBLISHED IN LONDON, 1808

authorities regarded dubiously this latest aspect of the American invasion, backed, as it will be, moreover, by a sturdy contingent from the colonies. They do not, of course, openly oppose or condemn the terms of the will. That would be bad taste, and Oxford dons seldom show bad taste. Dr. Parkin was even able to assure the editor of the Times, in a recent letter to that journal, that the heads of the various colleges had promised their cordial co-operation with him in solving the various difficult problems to which the bequest has given rise. Such co-operation was necessary to the development of any practicable plan of operation and was to have been The attitude of Oxford is not expected. one of opposition, but rather of regret that the thing has to be done, and that the money was not given into their hands as a princely endowment for general purposes. Probably they feel towards the scholarships much as many American cities feel towards the Carnegie Free Libraries. Dr. Parkin's ground for stating that he was assured of the co-operation of the college authorities was the character of the answers he received to a number of very pertinent questions he had addressed to them. As these questions tend to show the general lines on which the scholarship scheme is being developed, they may be fittingly included in the present article. The questions were:-

1. Is your college willing to receive each year a number of the Rhodes scholars;

and, if so, how many?

2. What are the conditions of entrance upon which your college would insist? Would they necessarily include any examination of your own?

Would you be able to give any Rhodes scholars accepted by you rooms in the college building from the time of their

entrance, and for how long?

4. At what date in each year would you require notification of the election of scholars, in order that rooms may be assigned to them and arrangements made for their entrance?

5. Would you wish scholars accepted by you to come under ordinary undergraduate conditions as to age and attainments, or would you prefer men prepared to take advanced or post-graduate work?

6. Have you any suggestions to make, from your college point of view, likely to be helpful to the Trustees in their endeavor



D. B. MONRO Provost of Oriel

to make the bequest of Mr. Rhodes most effective?

Dr. Parkin stated that the replies indicated a willingness to take from two to five of the scholarship men every year. This would give to the small colleges six in all for the three years scholarships, and to the larger colleges about fifteen, when the plan is in full operation. The first year the bequests come into operation there will be elected between seventy and seventyfive scholars, the same the second year, and for the third year about thirty, the numbers continuing thereafter from year to year in about the same proportion. One may well believe that so conservative a body as the Council of Oxford University may be alarmed at the prospect of the sudden and permanent intrusion into their midst of nearly two hundred young men who will ride rough-shod over the aristocratic ideals and class distinctions that have hitherto prevailed at Oxford.

The experience of Oxford will be very much that of the British army when thousands of colonials came to its side in South Africa, fighting splendidly, but shattering



AN OXFORD DON

FROM A PRINT PUBLISHED IN LONDON, 1808



A NOBLE STUDENT OF OXFORD

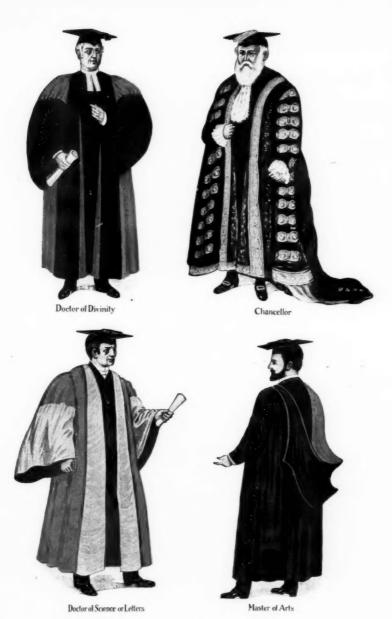
FROM A PRINT PUBLISHED IN LONDON, 1808

masterfully every tradition of the army save that of bravery. And just as the colonial brought new life and hope into the army, so it may be that the Americans and their colonial cousins-Americans need not hesitate to accept such a kinship—will bring a new life into Oxford. Indeed, the analogy may be pursued further. It will be remembered that the Imperial officers in South Africa in the early days of the war treated their colonial cousins much after the fashion that their ancestors a century and a half earlier had treated one Major Washington, of the Virginia Rangers, and his comrades. Roberts and Kitchener were wiser than Braddock, and nipped in the bud the evil flower of arrogance, and imperial and colonial fought each his own way, the colonial often in the van. But the battle will be fought out again at Oxford, no matter how perfectly organized a plan Dr. Parkin may present.

During a recent visit to Oxford I picked up a copy of a University publication, *The* Oxford Point of View, which contained several references to the scholarships. One writer after discussing Cecil Rhodes' motive in bringing these young men to Oxford from the four corners of the earth, says, with real or affected disdain: "Oxford has not yet sunk to being practical." Precisely so; there is the real trouble, and unless Oxford becomes practical, and that before the century is much older, its ancient glories will be a melancholy contrast with present or approaching ineptitude. A second writer in the same issue of The Oxford Point of View gives apt expression to the general attitude of Oxford as outlined 'Sad as it is," he says, "the demabove. ocratization of our universities goes on apace, and the harsh H-less jargon of the parvenu is already heard in the land; but this, like most sad and distasteful things, is inevitable, and levius fit patentia, quidquid corrigere est nefas." And again, with special reference to the imperial aspect of the Rhodes bequest, the writer remarks: One of the penalties of empire is vulgarity—we mean the inclusion into society of a vast number of people who have no manners." There can be little doubt that these sentences reflect the real attitude of Oxford, though it is seldom expressed with such definiteness. It is into this hotbed of aristocratic conservatism and class prejudice that two hundred young Americans and colonials are to be thrown pell-mell, and



ORIEL COLLEGE CHAPEL



FULL DRESS GOWNS OF OXFORD UNIVERSITY

we may pardon the typical Oxford don if his serenity is somewhat disturbed at the

prospect.

And what is "the Oxford point of view" with particular regard to the American scholarships? For Rhodes' dream of a political union of the English-speaking races no sympathy is shown, nor could it be expected. It is ridiculed as "an Anglo-Saxon mirage," "and its realization, if possible, does not seem to us desirable." "And so, perhaps, after all," concludes the writer, "the foundation of the American scholarships may be a mistake." And this is the best that can be said of Mr. Rhodes' great endowment by the average Oxford man.

It is, perhaps, not unreasonable that many an Oxford graduate should regret that Mr. Rhodes' money was not applied to the general fund of the University. American universities have advanced by leaps and bounds during the last quarter of a century, thanks to the munificence of our millionaires. Oxford and Cambridge have even fallen behind such universities or colleges as those of Birmingham and Manchester in the race after the money bags. When the Oxford millionaire was found at last, therefore, with an ardent affection for his alma mater and a disposition to give on an enormous scale, it was a little tantalizing to see his millions given in such a way as rather to increase than lessen the strain on the resources of the university.

Not that Oxford has not reminded the world of her needs. In this respect, at least, she is practical. Early during last year the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford addressed a circular letter to the professors, boards of faculties, and others engaged in the work of the University, in which he asked for a statement of the requirements of their several departments. The replies indicate that money is needed badly for all the newer subjects of study and for most of the old ones. In the department of physical science the University is particularly deficient. Scientific studies, in fact, are admittedly in their infancy in Oxford. Yet there is little hope that the money will be forthcoming. Somehow the public do not believe in the poverty of Oxford, and the average man of quickly made wealth, the parvenu, as our Oxford friend calls him, naturally does not find his sympathies aroused by Oxford's condition. There are many evidences of wealth, too, in the various colleges—historic pictures that would fetch high prices if knocked down by the auctioneer, and silver plate that would be eagerly bid to fancy figures were it too placed under the hammer. But such things are not to be thought of; Oxford would be no longer

Oxford were they possible.

Oxford professors are babes in the matter of business," said Mr. Rhodes in effect in his famous testament, and the visitor to Oxford town has no difficulty in agreeing with him. Some of the colleges most in need of money are extensive owners of land around the city. There is excellent water power in the neighborhood, but so far from any attempt having been made to utilize it for manufacturing purposes, the University authorities have set themselves firmly against the introduction of anything in the shape of factories. They apparently allow the manufacture of nothing of a less agreeable nature than marmalade, and this does not require water power. Many of the long leases are falling in shortly, and the rentals will doubtless be higher in some cases, yet will be low indeed compared with what would be produced were Oxford made a thriving manufacturing city.

If Oxford cannot be described as thriving at the present time, the University authorities must bear their share of responsibility. The town lives but for the University and is dominated by the University authorities. Not a concert may be given, a play performed, nor an entertainment of any kind placed before the public of the town until the program has been submitted to the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford, a position held in rotation by the heads of the various colleges, and now held by the head of Oriel.

One would like to be able to add that the University behaves generously to the town that lies in the shadow of its towers and the natural growth of which has thus been checked to prevent the encroachments of a rude democracy. But it is not so. The University is liberally represented on the corporation of Oxford, claiming about one-third of the membership. Quite recently the corporation found it necessary to increase its revenue, and determined to raise the assessment on city and collegiate property. So for as the city was concerned the University representatives cordially agreed, but refused to accept the propositions with regard to college property. The contest was long and keen. A London expert came down and collected enormous





Doctor of Civil Law or Medicine

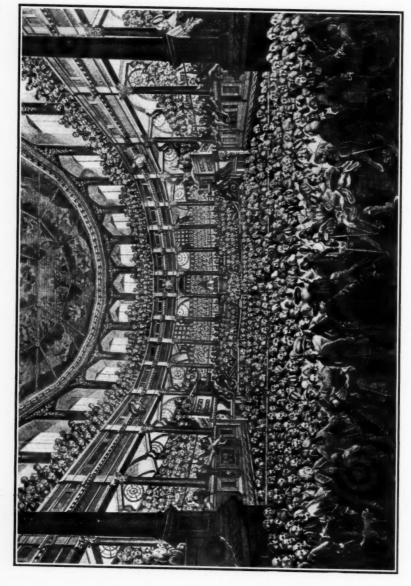


Doctor of Music



Bachelor of Arts

FULL DRESS GOWNS OF OXFORD UNIVERSITY



SHELDONIAN THEATRE, OXFORD

FROM AN ENGRAVING BY THOMAS WORLIDGE, PUBLISHED IN 1761

fees for saying that the University property should be assessed higher than the existing rate. The case went finally before the Recorder, and he, being an Oxford man, decided against the town, which thus, besides being prevented from increasing the assessment of the University lands, found itself mulcted in from £15,000 to £20,000 for costs, which does not promote goodwill for the moment between town

and gown.

In other ways, too, there is a direct line of cleavage between the University and the townsfolk. Socially, they have little or nothing in common, and the influence of the University on the townspeople generally does not seem to have been of a refining or elevating character. It is difficult to find a man outside of the University precincts who does not describe the leading thoroughfare of the town as "'igh Street." Some exception must be made on this point in favor of North Oxford, where there is gathering gradually a population of "gentry," consisting of familied University dons and relatives or friends of theirs. It is hard sometimes to know just where to draw the line between "gentry" and "tradespeople"; and the publishers of English directories, who, with a dutiful acquiescence in the claims of the classes, keep their names apart from those of the tradespeople in these publications, must have many a difficult problem to solve. I heard of a case in Cheltenham, for instance, where a wealthy retired draper still figures forlornly among tradesmen, while a son, who is teaching music, has leaped into the midst of the gentry. How the son must chuckle as he gives his piano lessons. Truly there is work yet in England for the avenging angel of democracy.

But one must not leave Oxford without a glimpse of some of that wealth of beauty and history that has made it world-famous; and yet so much has been written of Oxford by those who have known it and loved it that one may well hesitate to touch ground that has already produced so luxuriant a growth. A passing reference may be permitted to two colleges, Oriel and Christ Church; Oriel because it was Cecil Rhodes' college, and Christ Church because it is a neighbor of Oriel, and in many respects the greatest feature of Ox-'Where was Cecil Rhodes' room?" is one of the first questions asked by one interested in the Rhodes scholarships, as he stands in the quadrangle and gazes on the picturesque exterior of the great hall with its legend, Regnante Carolo. Cecil Rhodes had no room in Oriel. He lived in the town, and the appreciation expressed by him in his will of the advantages resulting from living in residence is based rather on observation than experience. Oriel is one of the oldest and one of the smallest of Oxford colleges. Mr. Rhodes' will it received a bequest of £100,000 apart altogether from the question of scholarships, and a portion of this money, in accordance with the terms of the will, is being expended on the extension of the college to High Street.

Among the great names of the past that stand out on its pages are some that appeal particularly to the American people. Two such are those of Sir Walter Raleigh, founder of Virginia, and Hampden of Ship-money fame, who himself almost became an American colonist. Among more modern names that of Tom" Hughes arouses pleasant memories to visitors from across the sea. perhaps Oriel's chief claim to fame for many generations past lies in it having been the real centre of that curious ecclesiastical development in the early part of the last century described usually as the "Oxford" or "Tractarian" movement. It was from the common-room of Oriel, and from the discussions led by such men as Keble, Newman, Pusey, and Whately that new life and force came to the Church of England, bringing with them, nevertheless, an element of danger which is even now causing the gravest apprehension.

But we must pass quickly on to Christ Church "house"—the visitor is warned not to call it "college." Its scroll is rich in famous names, best known of all to modern ears being that of Gladstone. It is in the quadrangle of Christ Church that one may see the exterior, at least, of the three small rooms occupied just seventy years ago by the famous English statesman. On the opposite side of the quadrangle are the steps leading to the rooms occupied a generation later by the present King. Lord Salisbury and Lord Rosebery also, among living British statesmen, were Christ Church men, and Peel and Canning among those of recent generations. Glancing backward we catch the names of the Wesley brothers, John Locke, Bolingbroke, Ben Jonson, Sir Philip Sydney; also of the

famous founder of Pennsylvania. But the list is too long. In no other college is the glory of Oxford so abundantly presented. Even in its origin Christ Church fascinates the imagination. Begun by Cardinal Wolsey in 1525, on the scale of magnificence with which the great Cardinal did everything, it had not advanced far when Wolsey fell, and the "Cardinal's college," as it was to have been called, was completed by King Henry VIII. The King changed the name and curiously united the college with the ancient cathedral already existing. so that the cathedral church of the diocese of Oxford became also the chapel of Christ Church and so remains today. The dining hall of Christ Church is the grandest in England outside of Westminster.

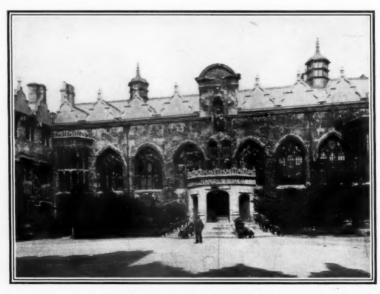
One may linger for hours and touch only the fringe of the history that is written on the walls of this splendid hall, and there are still to be seen the famous cathedral-chapel of Christ Church which carries one back to early Saxon times; the chapter house and the quadrangles; the "Tom" tower which tolls a nightly curfew of one hundred and one strokes, and many another feature that captures the imagination of the visitor, and bringing his slow steps again and again to pause; and when he

has completed the round of Oriel and Christ Church the visitor has seen but two colleges out of twenty-two, each with its own traditions and glories; and beyond all these again there remain in and about. Oxford the countless monuments and shrines and legends that are the clustering fruit of many centuries of time and which arouse our wonder and reverence, and our pride that Oxford's history for half a thousand years is the common history of those who speak the English tongue.

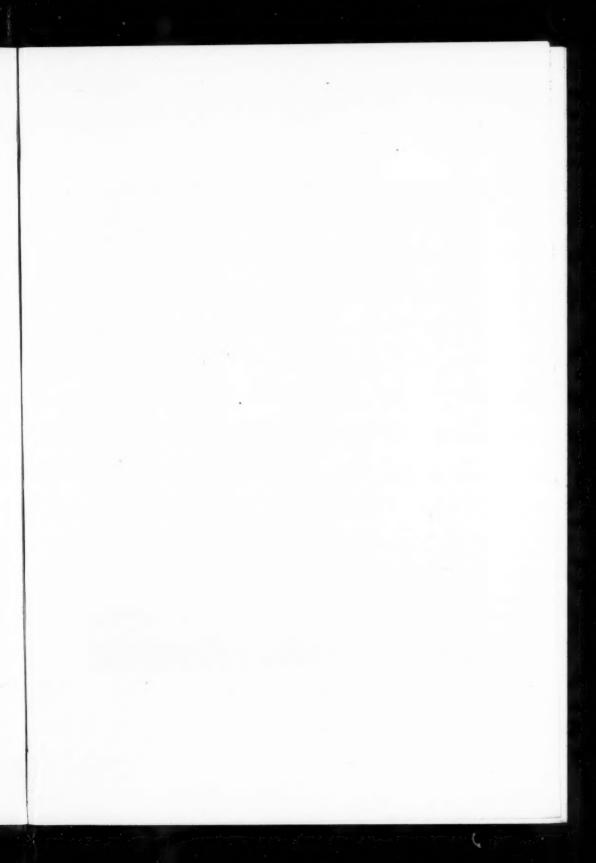
There may be room for doubting the utility of the Rhodes scholarships from the point of view of the author of the endowment, or even from that of modern learning; there is no room for doubting the past glories and greatness of Oxford, and the American student who learns to appreciate these may carry back to the New World not, indeed, a desire for the political reunion of the race, but a love and affection for the cradle of Anglo-Saxonism that will help to heal the wounds that rival nations yet mercilessly deal each other in the cruel war of commerce.

7. R. Weland

(London, England)



ORIEL COLLEGE OUADRANGLE





DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON

SAMUEL JOHNSON PHILOSOPHER AND AUTOCRAT

Dr. Johnson's Personality

It is almost impossible for us, looking back over the century and a quarter which separates us from the death of Dr. Johnson, to realize the position which for thirty years he held in the world of English letters. Iohnson was the last unchallenged literary autocrat of England. He filled the throne which had been occupied before him by Pope, by Dryden, and by Ben Jonson, each of them, if not a greater man, assuredly a greater genius. it may well be questioned whether any of these greater geniuses ever received such undivided homage as was accorded during the last years of his life to Samuel Johnson.

Nor was this homage rendered to him as being the sole representative of polite letters in his generation. Johnson's claim to recognition as a man of letters rested upon his work as a moral philosopher, a prose writer, and a poet. But in depth and originality of thought he was surpassed by at least three of his contemporaries, Hume, Burke, and Adam Smith. As a master of prose style Johnson is now, perhaps, too generally undervalued, yet in the weightier matters, such as invention, humor, and power of characterisation, his work is not for a moment to be compared to that of such masters as Fielding and Goldsmith. And as for poetry, it is only by a certain effort of the will that the modern reader, trained in the romantic school of Tennyson and Keats, can admit the claim of Johnson's sonorous and rhetorical couplets to be poetry at all.

The fact seems to be that Johnson's dictatorship was due to his personality rather than to his productions, to his spoken rather than his written word. He set the impress of his strong, acute, yet sharply limited personality on every line he wrote; and it is for this that we read his work today. In one of his volcanic outbursts of critical dogmatism Johnson says, most unjustly, that no man could have fancied that he read Lycidas with pleasure had he not known the author. It would be far less unjust, and probably a close approximation to the truth, to say that no man to-day reads the Rambier or Rasselas except as he is attracted to them by the fame of their author, and with the hope, not always realized, of finding in them the cause and justification of that fame. Fortunately, however, Johnson's personality still survives, imperishable and wholly independent of his work. By some happy fate, as if in compensation for the hardships and miseries of his youth, he encountered in middle life the man who was to make him immortal.

No happier conjunction of men could be imagined than that of Samuel Johnson and James Boswell. Johnson loved to talk, Boswell to listen; Johnson was, perhaps, the most entertaining and effective talker that has ever lived, Boswell indisputably the best reporter of conversation; Johnson asserted his right, almost tyrannically at times, to be the absolute lord of every society into which he entered; Boswell was willing either to efface himself, or to obtrude himself just far enough to catch the great man's eye and provoke one of those outbursts which delighted the hearers



From an engraving by T. Trotter

DOCTOR JOHNSON

at that time and have delighted thousands of readers ever since. Johnson was pardonably proud, and somewhat over quick to take offense, though always eager to forgive; Boswell, on the other hand, was almost humiliatingly wanting in self-respect, incapable of resentment, and only too ready to be forgiven. Finally, Johnson's ideas, beliefs, and principles were as firm and immutable as bronze, Boswell's mind was wax to receive and marble to retain; and thus the hero left upon his worshipper an indelible imprint which has transmitted his own true form and features to all posterity. The two men were made for each other, and if Boswell has achieved immortality in the company of Johnson, he has obtained no more than his just reward. It is quite time to have done with Macaulay's silly paradox that it was only because he was so great a fool that Boswell wrote so great a

It must not be forgotten that the picture of Johnson that Boswell gives us is a picture of Johnson in his declining years, his character formed, his work for the most part done. The Johnson whom we all know in the famous biography, the "Great Cham" of literature, the founder of the famous Club, the revered philosopher whose grotesque antics moved his friends to alternate awe and laughter, the tenderhearted and rough-mannered man who bullied the strong and bowed humbly to the weak, was the product of a long life amid an environment unknown to Boswell except by report, and of an heredity, which, had he known, he could not have appreciated. Boswell has furnished us with full materials for an estimate of Johnson's character; but before we can be in a position to estimate it rightly we must know something of the process by which that character was evolved.

Samuel Johnson was born in the cathedral town of Lichfield in 1709. His father, Michael, was a bookseller, a bigoted Tory and a man of learning, but superstitious, utterly careless of money matters, and afflicted with the constitutional melancholy which was characteristic of his famous son. Johnson, it must be owned, had good grounds for melancholy. He inherited the taint of scrofula and in early childhood almost wholly lost his sight from this disease. In spite of his great physical strength he suffered throughout his life from a variety of ailments, among them a form of St. Vitus's dance; he was attacked by paralysis in his old age, and finally fell a victim to a terrible complication of gout, dropsy, kidney trouble, and lung disease. Yet he faced his miseries with unshaken fortitude. Their one result upon his mind, it would seem, was a somewhat scornful treatment of the affected sorrows and sentimental troubles with which his age

was so plenteously afflicted.

The usual tales are told of Johnson's precocity. In spite of his deficient eyesight he read prodigiously. One of the most characteristic of the anecdotes preserved by Boswell tells how the boy climbed up a ladder in his father's shop in search of some apples which he fancied lay hidden behind a huge folio on the upper shelf. The apples were undiscoverable, but the book proved to be a copy of Petrarch, whose name Johnson had come across somewhere in his voluminous reading. Hunger was forgotten in the delight of a new discovery, and the boy sat upon the ladder with the folio on his knees reading until he had finished a great part of the book. The story is typical of much of Johnson's life and in particular of his method of study-accidental and spasmodic, intense and concentrated while the fit was on, sluggish and intermittent when the moment passed. If he had a subject to get up, he invariably neglected it. On the other hand, he probably read more miscellaneous printed matter than any man of his century. With all his reading, however, he was the very opposite of the typical bookworm. No creature is more universally despised by normal boys than a boyish bookworm, but Johnson, even in his schooldays, exercised an undisputed sway over his associates. He did his friends' tasks for them, he served as the standard by which every boy's scholarship was tested, and he rode triumphantly to school in the morning mounted upon a comrade's back with two others supporting him on either hand.

Johnson was sent up to Oxford on the promise, never fulfilled, of pecuniary support from certain of his father's friends. The anecdotes that are told of his college life are extremely characteristic. On his entrance he amazed his tutor by quoting Macrobius, he stayed away from lectures to slide on the ice in Christ Church meadows, he neglected the required exercises in Latin verses, but Latinized a poem of Pope's in such a masterly fashion as to attract the



From an engraving by J. Dixon

DAVID GARRICK AS "ABEL DRUGGER"

notice of the whole University. His old master told Boswell that Johnson at college was a gay, frolicsome fellow, caressed and loved by all about him; but Johnson himself told another story: "Ah, sir," he said, "I was mad and violent. It was bitterness which they mistook for frolic. I was miserably poor and I thought to fight my way by my literature and by my wit, so I disregarded all power and authority. He was generally seen "lounging at the college gate with a circle of young students round him, whom he was entertaining with his wit and keeping from their studies, if not spiriting up to rebellion against the college discipline." Yet when one of these admiring friends put a pair of shoes at his door to replace the broken pair through which his feet were showing, he threw them away in a passion of resentment, and this although he had ceased to attend a highly valued course of lectures where his shabby dress made him, as he thought, an object of contempt to strangers. Johnson loved learning much, but independence more. The youth who threw away the shoes was the father of the man who wrote the famous letter to Lord Chesterfield, proclaiming to the listening world that patronage should be no more.

During his short stay at Oxford—he was in residence only a little more than a year-Johnson added but little to his mental equipment; indeed, he said long afterwards, that he knew as much when he went there at eighteen as he did when he was fifty. He became, however, under the influence of that strangely powerful book, Law's Call to a Serious Life, what he continued to his death, not only a sincere believer, but a stalwart champion of revealed religion. And this is the more remarkable since, with hardly an exception, the eminent men of his day, Bolingbroke, Pope, Hume, and Voltaire, were either open infidels or complacent and self-contented Deists. We must not forget, of course, the contemporary Evangelical movement, but this movement was essentially an appeal from the intellect to the emotional faculties of men, and as such wholly alien to the strong sense and self-restrained nature of Johnson. His prayers were made in his closet or written in his notebooks, not delivered with unction upon the corners of the streets. The traditional forms of the Prayer Book gave full scope for his exercises of devotion, and he was Tory enough to insist upon the maintenance in all her privileges of the national church; but beneath all forms he recognized, as perhaps no other man did in his day, the essential unity of religion. In the true spirit of a sincere believer he was accustomed to reproach himself bitterly for his failure to live up to the principles of his creed, but to us looking back over his blameless life and his thousand nameless deeds of charity he seems the very embodiment of St. James' definition of religion.

Less is known of Johnson during the period between his departure from Oxford and his arrival in London than at any other time in his life. His father's health and business were failing together, and he died in 1731 on the verge of bankruptcy. Of his little inheritance of twenty pounds Johnson laid by eleven, and went out into the world to seek his living. He found it no easy task. He tried to turn his education to account as a teacher in a little school, but found it as disagreeable for him to teach as it was for the boys to learn. He earned a few guineas by writing and translating for a provincial bookseller. He fell in love with and married a widow of nearly twice his age. It is not easy to forgive Macaulay for stigmatizing the woman whom Johnson loved as a tawdry, painted grandmother who accepted his addresses with a readiness that did her little honor.' Not little, but greatly, to her honor was it that she had eyes to pierce beneath the rough exterior of this poor, ugly, and miserable scholar, and see the strength and sincerity of his love; nor less that she had the intelligence to recognize in him "the most sensible man she ever saw in her life.' With the money his wife brought him Johnson once more tried his hand at teaching and opened a school near Lichfield. But the second attempt was no more successful than his first and Johnson, with one of his pupils, David Garrick, went up to London to seek his fortune with two-pence ha'penny and an unfinished tragedy in his pockets.

London was at that time, to a degree it has never been since, the intellectual and literary center of the English-speaking world. It offered the only field in which a man of Johnson's tastes and abilities might rise to fame and fortune. Of these two, however, fame was far easier of attainment than fortune. The golden age of patronage had passed away, the



From an old print

JAMES BOSWELL

age in which the writer appealed directly to a large and liberal reading public had not yet arrived; and in the interregnum, "struggling between two worlds, one dead, one powerless to be born," Johnson and his fellows had a long and bitter contest with all the ills that then assailed the scholar's life:

"Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail."

Johnson's emergence from the sea in which so many of his fellows sunk was, indeed, a striking example of the survival of the fittest. Of all the struggling men of letters in his day no one was so well fitted to make his hands keep his head. His native independence of mind kept him from the snares of patronage in which so brilliant a genius as his friend Savage perished miserably; his proud self-confidence prevented him from becoming the slave of the booksellers. His encounter with Osborne, one of the most prominent publishers of the day, is preserved for us in his own words: "Sir, he was impertinent to me, and I beat him," and he added later: "I have beat many a fellow, but the rest had the wit to hold their tongues."

Although by no means contemptuous of the good things of life, Johnson could, and often did, live on as near nothing a day as was humanly possible, and the want of a dinner never lowered the quality or quantity of his literary output. On the contrary, his natural indolence seemed to need the spur of sharp necessity. When free from care he was, in the fine phrase of his day, vastly idle"; but he was at need capable of the most extraordinary exertions. He wrote forty-eight printed pages of the Life of Savage at a sitting; he began and finished his story of Rasselas in a single week. And he was as versatile as he was energetic. For the Gentleman's Magazine, with which he became connected soon after his arrival in London, he wrote verses in Latin, Greek, and English, translations from French and Italian, essays, biographical sketches, prefaces, and addresses to the subscribers. Perhaps of all his labors for the magazine that which attracted most attention was his version, composed out of a few scanty notes furnished by stealth, of the debates in Parliament. In spite of his poverty, however, as soon as Johnson discovered that these speeches were being received as the genuine orations delivered in Parliament, he ceased to compose them,

"for," said he, "I would not be accessory to the propagation of falsehood." This fact bears witness to Johnson's honorable tenderness of conscience.

It was fortunate for Johnson in more ways than one that at the crisis of his life he had boldly plunged into the world of London. Had he remained in the provinces he would have rotted in obscurity, or collapsed under the depressing influence of an environment to which he was in no way adapted. On the other hand, had circumstances permitted him to live like Gray in the dignified seclusion of a college fellowship, he would probably have gone melancholy mad. He had not the slightest taste for country life, and ridiculed with boisterous scorn the supposed delights of solitude. Possibly on account of his deficient eye-sight he had no appreciation whatever of the beauties of nature.

What Johnson needed was not only work, but society-contact with all sorts and conditions of men, friendships, enmities, whatever could draw him out of himself and make him forget. All this he found in London. No man of his time knew the great city better, nor all the varieties of life contained within its walls. He slept with beggars, or wandered houseless through the streets at night with a brother poet; he "slanged" a bargeman, laughed and jested with Garrick's actresses, or talked "with profound respect, but still in a firm, manly manner, with his sonorous voice" to Majesty itself. "I look upon a day as lost," he said, "in which I do not make a new acquaintance." The fact that he never lost a friend except by death shows that he was as tenacious of old friendships as he was eager to acquire new. He had, in fact, a very genius for friendship, and the circle that gathered round him in his later years included not only poets, scholars, and men of letters, but the most prominent painters, actors, musicians, doctors, and statesmen in England.

Johnson's attitude toward the great city where he suffered so much and gained so much is not to be judged from his poem, London. We can well imagine with what ridicule he would in later years have chastised a presumptuous friend who urged him to fulfill the prophecy of Thales and, abandoning the follies of the town, "fly for refuge to the wilds of Kent." London was no stony-hearted stepmother to Johnson, but an alma mater dearer even than

his own mother university. He preferred Fleet Street to the finest prospect in the Highlands: declared that the full tide of human existence was realized in all its magnitude at Charing Cross, and summed up the feeling of thousands of lovers of the town before and since his day in the words: "When a man is tired of London, he is tired of life."

It would take too long to trace the evolution of Johnson from the nameless correspondent of the Gentleman's Magazine to the undisputed dictator of letters: but a few of the landmarks of his career may be noted. His London in 1738 brought him ten guineas and the praise of Pope. His Life of Savage in 1744 attracted considerable attention not only from the interest of its subject but from the vividness of its characterisation and the profound gravity of its morality. By 1747 he had acquired sufficient reputation to justify a syndicate of book-sellers in contracting with him for the production of an English Dictionary. On this great work he spent in all eight years and its appearance may be said to have laid the capstone on his reputation.

As a "great lexicographer"—the title by which he was so often known in the eighteenth century-Johnson was disqualified, in the first place, by his utter ignorance of the kindred Germanic languages and even of the earlier stages of his own tongue, and secondly, by his constitutional disinclination toward profound and minute research. On the other hand his definitions were, for the most part, most judicious, although at times his partisanship got the better of his learning and he defined excise as "a hateful tax levied upon commodities and adjudged by wretches hired by those to whom Excise is paid," or a pension as "pay given to a State hireling for treason to his country." Sometimes, on the other hand, a flash of Johnson's sturdy good humor and native wit breaks through the cloud of definitions and illustrations like a ray of sunshine, as where he defines Grub Street as a place much inhabited by writers of small histories, dictionaries, and temporary poems,' or a lexicographer as "a writer of dictionaries, a harmless drudge.'

Johnson received the respectable sum of nearly \$8,000 for his work, equivalent in purchasing power to perhaps three times that amount today. Out of this, however, he had to pay all the expenses of preparing the book for the press, and long before the work was done he had spent all he was to receive for it. It is characteristic both of the man and the times that within a year after the appearance of the Dictionary Johnson was arrested for debt and had to be bailed out by his friend Samuel Richardson.

The composition of the Dictionary by no means engrossed Johnson's attention during the eight years that he was engaged upon it. In 1748 he composed his best known poem, The Vanity of Human Wishes, for which he received the trifling sum of fifteen guineas. In the following year the tragedy of Irene, which he had brought up to London with him and which had so far gone the rounds of the theatres in vain, was produced by his old pupil, David Garrick, now the manager of

Drury Lane.

The production could hardly be called successful. The play began amid catcalls and whistling and when the catastrophe was reached and the unfortunate heroine with the bowstring about her neck opened her lips for her dying speech, the audience broke into howls of "Murder! Murder!" and drove her silent from the stage. friendly influence of Garrick, however, succeeded in keeping the stiff and lifeless play upon the stage for nine nights, and Johnson made the handsome profit of £300 or thereabouts, for what was, as a matter of fact, the least valuable of all his contributions to literature. The author's great reputation induced some of his friends to read and even to speak well of the play; one, Pot, went so far as to say that it was the finest tragedy of modern times; which gem of criticism being reported to Johnson elicited the frank and crushing verdict, "If Pot says so, Pot lies."

From 1750 to 1752 Johnson was occupied with the composition of the Rambler, one of the countless eighteenth century imitations of the inimitable Spectator. The style shows Johnson almost at his worst, and his occasional attempts at pleasantry remind one painfully of the gambols of a hippopotamus. stately orthodoxy and its solemn moralizings on Johnson's favorite theme, the vanity of human wishes, exactly suited the taste of the age, and it is not too much to say that his contemporary reputation as the greatest of English moralists dated from the appearance of the Rambler.

The last number of this periodical had already been written when Johnson lost his wife. He was profoundly affected by her death; "remember me in your prayers," he wrote to an old friend in the first bitterness of his grief, "for vain is the help of And his sorrow was no transient emotion: to the end of his life he observed the day on which his Tetty died as a day of mourning and of solemn devotion to her memory. The prayers written down in his diary on these days wake, even at this distance of time, in the most careless reader that sense of fellowship in suffering which the old poet knew: Sunt lacrimæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt.

In 1756 Johnson began the famous edition of Shakespeare over which he dawdled for the next nine years. He received money from hundreds of subscribers for the projected work, spent it, and did nothing till stung to action by a contemporary satire which roundly charged him with dishonesty. It is rather the fashion nowadays to sneer at Johnson's criticisms of Shakespeare, but, when the proper allowance is made for Johnson's time and temper, it is hard to find a saner piece of criticism in the English language than the preface to this edition, or more sensible advice than that which he gives there to the young student: "Notes are often necessary, but they are necessary evils. Let him that is yet unacquainted with the powers of Shakespeare, and who desires to feel the highest pleasure that the drama can give, read every play from the first scene to the last, with utter negligence of all his commentators. When his fancy is once on the wing, let it not stop at correction or explanation."

Johnson's mother died in the beginning of 1759. As usual he was in distress for money and had to borrow six guineas of a printer to make up a sum which he sent down to her in her illness. Unable to be with her in her last moments, he wrote her perhaps the most tender and touching letter which a son ever sent to his mother, and to provide for her funeral expenses and pay the little debts she left behind, he broke the spell which idleness was weaving around him and wrote in hot haste his story of Rasselas. This work has been absurdly criticised as a novel; as a matter of fact, it is nothing of the kind. Johnson's Abyssinians make no pretence to reality; they are ideal creatures in an imaginary country, and the purpose of the book is neither to portray manners nor to delineate character, but to teach a moral lesson, and to denounce the favorite dogma of the day, that this is the best of all possible worlds.

In 1762 George III. was graciously pleased to grant Johnson a pension of three hundred pounds a year. After some hesitation, not unnatural in the author of the definition of a pension already cited, Johnson accepted the favor.

On the receipt of his pension, Johnson practically struck work. He had yet more than twenty years to live, but with the exception of the Lives of the Poets, it is doubtful whether he devoted more than a few months of the time to the practice of literature. But if he wrote little he talked much. In the year after the receipt of his pension he founded the famous club which met for weekly suppers at the Turk's Head Inn. In the same year he first met Boswell, and here we may well leave him; the rest of his acts and his words, are they not written in the book of the prince of biographers?

The charm of Boswell's book lies in its lifelike presentation of Johnson's personality; from its pages the fascination which Johnson exercised over his contemporaries rises afresh to cast its spell over us. In what does the secret of the charm consist? Partly, no doubt, in the strong common sense of the man. We are all more or less victims to cant; in one form or another we all pay tribute to the organized hypocrisy of society. But none the less we love the man who rises superior to the conventions. exposes their hollowness, and laughs at the supposed necessity of their obligations. Again, the quick wit and bluff heartiness of Johnson are not without their share in his attraction. His wit was not always of the most refined. His passages at arms resemble cudgel play rather than a fencing match. But after all, the quarter-staff is to us of the English-speaking race a kindlier weapon than the rapier. And Johnson was a past master in the noble art of giv-ing hard knocks. "There is no arguing with Johnson," said one victim, rubbing, we may imagine, his broken head, "for if his pistol misses fire, he knocks you down with the butt."

But if this were all, Johnson would be merely a comic figure, a sort of literary Sancho Panza. The secret of his charm lies deeper; there is a trace in him of

the Don Quixote as well. Like that noble and most pathetic figure, Johnson was the champion of a failing order, of a cause already lost, although he knew it not. In literature, in politics, and in religion Johnson stood on the brink of a revolution and strove to save his world from plunging into what seemed to him a bottomless abyss. So great was his influence over the English world of his day that he actually succeeded in delaying the advent of that revolution. To avert it was beyond the power of man, but there is something irresistibly appealing in the sight of a brave man fighting a losing battle.

Finally, I think, the fascination of Johnson is due to that delight which human nature always experiences in discovering a treasure hidden beneath a repelling exterior. There is much about Johnson that is repellant—not merely the scarred face, the uncouth manners, and the slovenly dress, but the narrowness, the dogmatism, the arrogance, passing at times almost into brutality. But all this is on the surface, the hard crust through which we must break to reach the hidden ores. And the ores are rich in the noblest qualities of manhood—courage, courtesy, wisdom, and

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King Samuel and King Benwith a Eulogy of Boswell

When Samuel Johnson died in 1784, the throne of letters in England became vacant and even the form of government changed. From the opening years of the seventeenth century, English literature had resembled an absolute monarchy. Since 1784—thanks to the dissemination of English writers from New York to Sydney-No literary it has become a republic. coterie can ever again rule a literature written not only under the shadow of the dome of St. Paul's, but in far-away islands of distant oceans. It is a curious coincidence that this change in letters took place in England at almost the moment when France was torn by the wildest political upheaval of modern times. Death was kind to Johnson in closing his eyes before the curtain rose on the French Revolution. When the thought of death gloomed his mind, his scrofulous face grew pale, and a shudder thrilled his mighty frame; yet had he lived five or six years longer he would surely have felt that he had lived too long.

During the two centuries of absolute monarchy in English literature, four kings held the throne in succession and wielded the sceptre with no uncertain hand. These illustrious potentates were Ben Jonson, John Dryden, Alexander Pope, and Samuel Johnson. It is noticeable that the first and last king were similar not only in name, but in personal characteristics. Not one of these four kings was the greatest writer of his age: Jonson was outshone by Shakespeare: Dryden was surpassed by Milton; Swift was a greater genius than Pope; and the quiet Thomas Gray had a literary quality superior to that of his burly contemporary.

In the world of art and literature the greatest geniuses do not always make the most efficient leaders; a great leader must not only absolutely believe in the cause he champions, he must believe in himself; he must necessarily have certain prejudices, certain limitations, certain elements of narrowness. Men like Shakespeare and Keats cannot possibly rule literature, because their followers cannot imitate them; the most germinal writers are not apt to be in the first class. Therefore, at those memorable meetings at the Mermaid Tavern, it was Jonson and not Shakespeare who sat at the head of the table and brought down his fist with a dogmatic whack. Shakespeare needed no set, fixed rules, and apparently believed in none; theories of poetry did not interest him, because he was too busy writing it. So far as we know, he had no program, and did not care what other writers believed so long as they would let him alone. On the other hand, Jonson held definite formulas; he had a program, a canon of art, by which he measured ancient and modern writers, and woe to the luckless literary aspirant who failed to fit his measure. Shakespeare was a far greater lyrical poet than Jonson; but the men of the seventeenth century, the "sons of Ben," followed the latter and imitated him

After the death of Jonson, in 1637, the

troublous politics of civil war caused an interregnum in things literary as well as in affairs of state. It was not until some time after the Restoration in 1660 that another strong man ascended the throne, and reigned supreme until his life went out with the end of the century he loved so well. In winter, John Dryden sat by the fire in Will's Coffee-House, and in summer he sat outside the door; but in both places his word was law, and in the prefaces to his numerous plays he developed a body of criticism that has not yet become obsolete. Shortly after the death of this benign giant, in 1700, Alexander Pope became the recognized monarch, and he was a veritable Rehoboam, for where "glorious John" used the whip, he used the scorpion. He was the only one of the four kings who ruled wholly by fear.

Samuel Johnson entered London as a literary adventurer, and there was none so poor to do him reverence. When he died he was buried in Westminster Abbey, and many believed that the foremost man of the age had passed away. The "Literary Club" was organized in 1764, with Revnolds, Burke, Goldsmith, and a few others associated with the Doctor as charter members. These men at first met weekly, then fortnightly, and they settled the fate of many contemporary books. Election to this club came to be one of the most eagerly sought distinctions in London, and so far as any one body of men can rule letters, this little group, headed by Johnson as dictator, governed with an

absolute sway.

It is a matter that belongs perhaps to the gossip of literature rather than to its history, but even gossip has its advantages, and it may be worth while to note the striking similarity between Ben Jonson, our first king, and Samuel Johnson, our last. There are eight distinct points of resemblance, which may have more than a mere superficial interest.

1. As has already been remarked, each was the King of Letters recognized in his own day—a literary dictator, who knew exactly what he wanted and was determined to have his will. A man who knows what he wants is more likely to get it than an abler man who is less sure. Ben and Samuel were troubled by no doubts.

2. The personal appearance of the men was so similar that it is not surprising that

school-boys confuse them. In many respects a general description of one will answer for the other. "My mountain belly and my rocky face"—a phrase Ben used in picturing himself—will do equally well for the Doctor. Each was a fat, clumsy giant, and each grew larger and fatter under the magnifying influence of dropsy. Each had a seamed and pitted face, like the scarred side of a cliff.



DR. JOHNSON'S HOUSE IN GOUGH SQUARE,

3. Each man is identified with the city of London. They loved the crowded city for its associations, and although each wandered on foot over parts of Scotland, their opinions of the relative value of the two places seem to have been about the same. No lake or mountain scenery was so beautiful to Dr. Johnson as the congested London thoroughfare; and we can easily imagine Ben saying to Drummond what Samuel said to Ogilvie, when the latter was unfortunate enough to remark that Scotland had a great many noble wild

prospects. Johnson's famous saying was faintly echoed the other day by a New Yorker who, being shown the glories of Boston, cynically remarked that the finest sight in Boston was the five o'clock express to New York.

4. Each of the autocrats had a Scotch biographer, whom he tolerated rather than revered. William Drummond's Notes fill only a few scattered pages, while Boswell's Life, in Dr. Hill's noble edition, occupies six volumes; but Drummond is none the less invaluable, and is the sole authority for much that we know of Ben. The attitude of the Scotchman toward his hero is, however, somewhat different; for the shy Drummond, overborne by Ben's imperious personality, was glad to see the last of him; while the effusive Boswell knew no attitude but that of worship.

5. Both Benjamin and Samuel were accomplished Latinists. Ben could easily have filled any professorship of Latin in Europe. His Catiline is almost an interlinear translation, and his arguments at the Mermaid had the crushing force of Roman



THE CHESHIRE CHEESE, FLEET STREET, LONDON

authority. The Doctor frequently conversed in fluent Latin, and in many things he felt that his favorite writers had uttered the last word of literary art. Here is an example of what, to many, must sound like blasphemy: "Theocritus is not deserving of very high respect as a writer; as to the pastoral part, Virgil is very evidently

superiour."

6. Both Benjamin and Samuel were the foremost critics of their time. powers of criticism were limited, not by their ability, but by their prejudices; yet the mistaken opinions of a great man are often more valuable than the accuracy of a commonplace mind. These two critics looked at literature in much the same way. and their critical opinions were based on two things-recognition of authority and common sense. Where the work criticised conformed to these prejudices, their criticisms were admirable; the famous comparison of Dryden and Pope has never been surpassed. Dryden and Pope were the very embodiment of obedience to certain well-defined laws and to a standard of poetry, based, in the last analysis, on common sense. Johnson understood them perfectly. But when he had to deal with a poet of the first class, like Milton or Gray, whose genius could not be measured either by a common sense standard, or by the vard-stick of authority, then the Doctor was all at sea. Mr. Birrell has stated the case most favorably: "The poorer the poet, the kindlier is the treatment he Johnson kept all his rough receives. words for Shakespeare, Milton, and Gray." The fact remains that the two greatest poets in his entire list are Milton and Gray, and the Lives of these two are doubtless the worst in the whole series.

7. Both Ben and Samuel were classicists, and each fought the rising tide of romanticism. When Shakespeare and all his other contemporaries were breaking away from the classical rules and writing plays characterised by the wildest romanticism, Jonson stood for the narrower rules he believed in and reviled the age for refusing to listen. The Doctor lived in a time when the romantic revival of the eighteenth century was taking England by storm, and even his mighty personality had as little effect upon it as King Canute's voice on the incoming sea. When Northern mythology, Percy's Reliques, Gray's Odes, and Ossian were becoming all the



THE FAMOUS ROUND ROBIN ADDRESSED TO DR. JOHNSON

rage, Johnson felt that the sceptre was slipping from his grasp. He had fallen on evil days, for everything that he despised was becoming supreme. He was borne along in the flood, as Ben had been in the wild whirl of the romantic drama.

8. Lastly, both Ben and Sam were men of intellectual vigor rather than of literary greatness. It is the personality of each, and not their writings, that appeal to us today. Not one of Jonson's learned plays is as interesting as his conversations with Drummond; and as for the Doctor, it is a mere truism to say that his prodigious reputation is the result of Boswell's devotion. Ben Jonson looms up on the jagged skyline of Elizabethan literature—the literary Himalayas of the world's history—as a towering peak; but it is his

dominant personality, the greatness of his mind, the vast resources of his learning, the vigor of his soul, that make him so commanding in size. Dekker, whom he utterly despised, wrote more interesting plays than he.

Of the men of the eighteenth century, Samuel Johnson must always be counted among the greatest; and yet a veritable ass happened to be a better writer. For two things may now be said of the despised Bozzy. He was unquestionably an ass; and he was unquestionably a great writer. He was the butt of his contemporaries; everybody laughed at him; Johnson treated him as one would an affectionate hound; no one took him seriously. What would the Literary Club have said had some one announced that

this fop and boot-licker was a greater writer than their Chief? Yet Boswell proved that a fool, as Sterne proved that a knave, may be a literary genius. There can be no comparison between Johnson and Boswell as writers. Boswell's biography of Johnson—the best biography ever written-is worth all of Johnson's writings put together. Literary composition was practised by Boswell with such consummate art that Johnson's writings seem in comparison crude and uncouth. No one believes that Socrates was a greater writer than Plato; and though to step from Plato to Boswell is to step from the sublime to the ridiculous, when we come to estimate great writers apart from great men, both Plato and Boswell stand in the front rank. In a distinctly lower grade, we see such burly giants as Ben Jonson and Samuel Johnson; God bless them both for their great, sturdy souls and mighty hearts!

WXVleeps

(Yale University)

The Moral Greatness of Samuel Johnson

George Lewes, the husband of George Eliot, used to say (it was a foolish remark for him to make, but apart from him it is suggestive, nevertheless) that he was wont to estimate the intellectual value of a person by his reply to the question, "Have you read Boswell's Johnson?" If the reply were in the negative, Lewes deemed the person not worth talking with.



LICHFIELD, JOHNSON'S BIRTHPLACE

Had he asked this question of Nathaniel Hawthorne, the answer would have been satisfactory even to a personage so impertant and eminent as the husband of the novelist. Boswell's Life was one of the first books with which the boy Nathaniel "With his became intimately acquainted. sturdy English character," he says somewhere, "I became acquainted at a very early period of my life: in truth, he seems as familiar to my recollection, and almost as vivid in his personal aspect to my mind's eye, as the kindly figure of my grandfather.' This strong impression was never obliterated throughout the American romancer's life; and when he went to England in the fifties, he took pains to visit Lichfield, Johnson's birthplace; and from there the next day he journeyed to Uttoxeter, "on one of the few sentimental pilgrimages," he remarks, "that I ever undertook, to see the very spot where Johnson had stood "when, fifty years after the day on which he had refused to tend his sick father's bookstall at the latter's request, he had done penance in the market place of the little town for his impiety and pride.

Hawthorne was shocked when he found that the inhabitants of the stupid little town had not only failed to erect a memorial on the spot where the penance took place, but were not even aware that the incident had ever occurred. "Just think of the absurd little town," Hawthorne exclaims, "knowing nothing of the only memorable incident which ever happened within its boundaries since the old Britons built it-this sad and lovely story, which consecrates the spot (for I found it holy in my contemplation again as soon as it lay behind me) in the heart of a stranger from three thousand miles over the sea." believe that the people of Uttoxeter have done something since Hawthorne was there to remove the reproach of their insensibility: but, whether or not this perfunctory reparation has been made, they have once more afforded an illustration of the ancient proverb. What's Uttoxeter to Johnson, or Johnson to Uttoxeter, that it should

Some ten years before his sojourn in England, Hawthorne had enriched with his imagination this legend of the old Doctor. The narrative will be found in his True Stories from History and Biography. Carlyle, too, recounts it and comments upon it in one of the most powerful and

weep for him?

moving passages of his Essays. Both these writers seem to have recognized in it the keynote to Johnson's character. It was undoubtedly Johnson's character, more than his accomplishments or achievements. that made him the power that he was during his lifetime, and gave him the eminence that he has ever since held before the world. And in that character, the principle of love was the fundamental and leading element. He loved his father, and bore in his heart all his life long the remorse which his disobedience had planted there; he loved his homely mother; he loved his old servant; he loved his friends; he hated cant, hypocrisy, and falsehood because he so passionately loved honesty, truth, and independence; it was love that ruled him in all things.

Johnson wrote the *Dictionary*, the letter to Lord Chesterfield, the *Rambler*, the *Idler*, and *Rasselas*; but these things have little weight with the present world. But it is hard, even to-day, to picture to ourselves that penance in the market place of Uttoxeter without tears coming to the eyes. What strength, what loyalty, what depth of emotion in a man who could carry

undimmed in his heart for half a century the sentiment of grief and shame which his boyish brutality had awakened! What a light it sheds upon his dealings with the world, his struggles, his sufferings, his triumphs! How immensely greater in our regard than all his fame and success does the revelation of that simple, primitive, sacred emotion render him! The ugly, repulsive, awful, brave, cantankerous, superstitious, prejudiced old man!—he loved much, and loving is the fulfilling of the law.

Hawthorne's dwelling upon this beautiful episode led him, in his thirty-fifth year, to suggest to himself in his Note Books the project of working out in some piece of fiction another moral besides the obvious one above alluded to. He imagines "a man who does penance in what might appear to lookers-on the most glorious and triumphal circumstances of his life. Each circumstance of the career of an apparently successful man to be a penance and a torture to him, on account of some fundamental error in early life." It is a pregnant theme; but, for some reason, Hawthorne never used it.



Doctor Sam Johnson—Rascally Mr. Boswell, awake, sir! I tell you, sir, if Mr. Edison had only lived in my day and generation I would have had no trouble in getting my conversation phonographed!

—Courtesy of the Bookman

Johnson may be regarded as being, in a double sense, the representative of his age. It was the age which was bearing in its loins the idea which found expression most overtly in the French Revolution; but it was also a diseased and distorted age, perverse, ignorant, brutal, corrupt, and moribund. Speaking broadly, we might say that Johnson's soul was that of the Revolution, of emancipation, of the future; and that his body was the symbol of the evils which struggled against the inspiration of this spiritual impulse. Boswell's elaborated portrait affords us ample material from which to erect the double aspect of the The contrast in Johnson between

DR. JOHNSON'S HOUSE IN INNER TEMPLE LANE (1760-1765)

the soul that manifested itself through the physical instrument and that instrument itself could not have been more marked.

Had his soul possessed the body of a Marlborough and the fortune of a Chesterfield, what a different tale would history have to tell of him. There is no estimating the burden which his physical disabilities imposed upon Johnson: and vet we may well question whether, after all, the burden was not the means of his salvation. Had that imperious temper which in his boyhood compelled his schoolmates to bear him on their backs to school grown to manhood unhampered by destiny, and fostered by wealth and rank, Johnson might have become a national tyrant, and have worked more mischief to England than Napoleon did to France. It was the long struggle against himself, quite as much as against his other material circumstances, which elevated and purified him, as it had done Socrates thousands of years before him.

No other intellect among his contemporaries was so sound and massive as his, no other integrity so impregnable. But had the world been made easy for him, his intellect might well have led him astray, his integrity might have degenerated into despotism, his independence might have urged him on to dangerous enterprises. But disease, while it tortured him, softened him; poverty, while it limited his opportunities, chastened his pride. His vast vitality, which helped him to take arms against his sea of troubles, might, had the troubles been absent, have led him to belittle the influences of religion, which even as it was hardly won the victory over his doubts. Upon the whole, then, we cannot wish the pathos and tragedy of Johnson's life to have been less; the brute was thereby kept down in him, the angel exalted. Under sunnier skies he might done more, but he would have been less. For it is only goodness, love, and mercy that tell in the long run; what the world calls greatness is always relative, and only by accident may be synonymous with the qualities which enable a man to lay up treasures in heaven.

Irlian Haw Thorne.

RAILWAY CONSOLIDATION

A RADICAL VIEW

By HENRY D. LLOYD

There are consolidations, and consolidations. There could not well be two more unlike each other than those in the railways in Switzerland and the United States.

We in the United States are manifestly moving, and rapidly, towards the day when our transportation will be crystallized into perhaps half a dozen great systems, and those systems will be under one will. This may be corporate or individual, or it may be both; for one person may control the corporation. We have men already who could do it. Some device like the Northern Securities Company, by which several great railroads are held in one hand, or the similar and older scheme by which the Pennsylvania Company holds in common ownership several railroads and many other properties, could easily be expanded and adapted to put all our railroads into the pockets of the coming tril-The hard-coal roads of Pennlionaire. sylvania are so nearly one already that a witness before the Anthracite Coal Strike Commission recently said that for so simple a matter as raising the age at which children worked in the breakers "all the companies would have to agree."

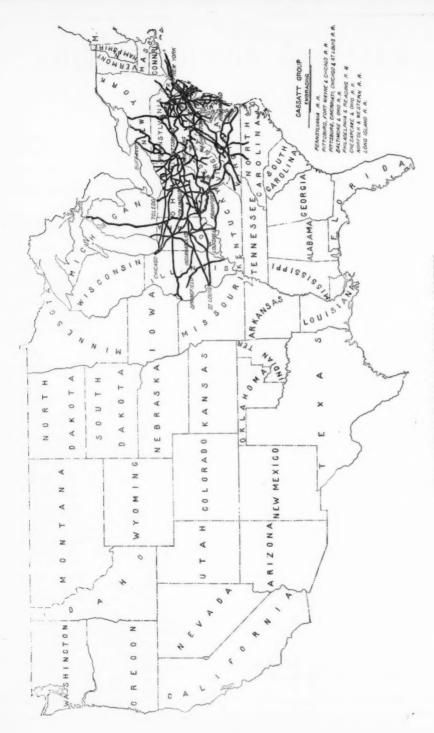
Meanwhile, Switzerland has passed by the United States. All the important Swiss roads, their five chief systems, have been made one, and this one the nation's. While our consolidation is towards the exclusion of the people that of Switzerland includes them. Every Switzer finds himself a railroad capitalist-owner of an undivided interest in every highway in his As our tendency pursues its country. present path, the ownership of the people grows less. It is only minority holdings that those who seek mastery can afford to allow to be scattered among the ordinary investors, and the more profitable the railways become, and the lower the rate of interests falls the faster will these minority

holdings gravitate also into the strong boxes of the strong men.

Many of our "best people" can conceive of only one kind of self-interest as operative in economics—the self-interest of the individual. They really cannot even see the other kind of self-interest, the social self-interest, though it is at work already as a fact, and a large one, in the complex of the contending forces of civilization. To them it is "politics" or "sentiment" or "utopianism," or anything but what it is—as much an economic reality as any manifestation of individual self-seeking. In their philosophy there is no such thing as a people, there is only a certain number of persons.

Chief among our problems is centralization of industrial power, and foremost in that railroad centralization. It is at this latter point that the social struggle will probably be focalized. If there is one issue more likely than another to be the first on which a new political alignment will be made it is this of the highways. Shall we have consolidation for private motives or consolidation for public motives is the real question of the day, not whether we shall have consolidation, either in railroads or other activities. The telephone, letter of credit, railroad, to say nothing of the wireless telegraph, are lines of least resistance along which human sympathies, energies, interests, cannot help flowing on and flowing together far beyond personal, local, or even national limits. Consolidation is inevitable; it is here to stay, but "under which king?'

The English railroads, though owned by separate corporations, have reached a high degree of consolidation policy. The public has practically no voice in their man-It is strenuously denied that agement. there is any favoritism for preferred shippers like that which makes a continental



THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILWAY SYSTEM

and perpetual scandal of American administration, though I have heard the denial denied by well-informed English economists. But the discrimination against the Englishman and in favor of the foreigner is open. These railroads charge the Kent farmer more to bring his garden stuff to London than is charged the competing producer all the way from France. The Irish peasant has to pay more to ship his potatoes to England than is paid from America. This is one of the fruits of consolidation in England-that the citizen who has allowed these creatures of his to disregard his interests finds that his interests are disregarded, as Captain Cuttle might say. He has to pay the whole bill of interest and profit on over-capitalization.

Within a year or two the English railroads have almost destroyed one of the best developments of the English cooperative movement-its annual festival. Cooperation has been described as business set to music, the ten commandments, and the golden rule, and it is no wonder that business of the Gradgrind inspiration should be willing to see it extirpated. . The great event of the year for the English cooperators used to be the gathering at the Crystal Palace of a choir of thousands of men and women from all the cooperative societies of Great Britain, singing the best music to vast audiences coming from all quarters. The railroads gave special excursion rates which brought this stimulating and refining holiday pleasure within the reach of working men and women.

Year before last these rates were arbitrarily doubled and more. Protests were of no avail. Private political economy was in the railroad saddle. It figured out, stupidly enough, that twice as high rates would produce twice as much money to help pay the dividends on railway lines capitalized over and over and every year finding their burden heavier. The festival was crippled; the railways lost the business they formerly had; nobody made anything, every one lost, railroads, cooperators, the public.

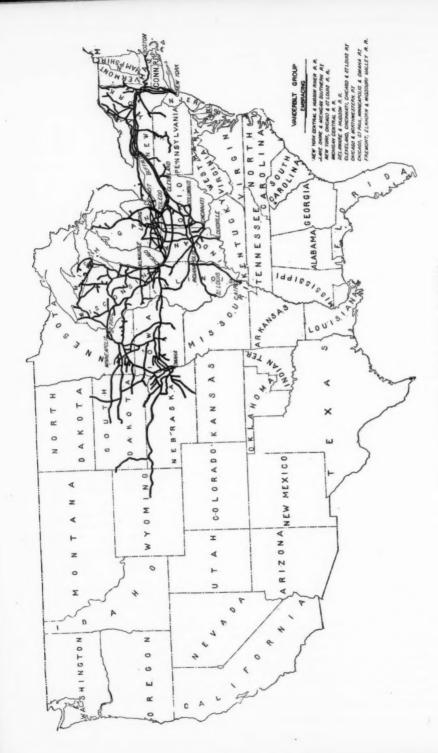
When consolidation began in our railroad system, and it began when the railroads themselves began, the people resisted it vigorously, by charter restrictions, by prohibitory laws, by public agitation. Manifestly they have failed; they know it, and their hands are down. Hardly a protest is heard against the consummation which is realizing itself with the energy of a Niagara—and perhaps that analogy will hold to the end. With the change in facts has come a change in the theory to fit the facts. It is fashionable now to advocate consolidation. Every one has the scientific cant about the "economies," "cheapness," and all that of "large scale production" at his tongue's end. Under cover of these highly theoretical plausibilities a fallacy slips into permanent lodgment in

the mind of the public.

The fallacy is that because the right kind of consolidation is good, any putting of things together is good if you call it consolidation. The most important railroad in the South was recently transferred to another corporation. This was "consolidation," and therefore carries the evolution of our railroad system one step nearer economic perfection? But the transac-tion involved a Wall Street panic, huge profits to several cliques of operators, the bewilderment and sacrifice of uninformed stockholders, the issue of a new load of millions of dollars' worth of watered stock and bonds on railroads already capitalized for more than they worth, and the permanent levy upon the public of freight and passenger tribute to pay the interest and dividends on these new securities. In the prodigious volume of new issues of railroad stocks and bonds under cover of consolidations we see the upper-class "Get-Rich-Quick" operators, who do not need to use the post office, mortgaging the present and future prosperity of the country to themselves, filing mechanics' liens on the uncompleted structure of American industry.

If what is alleged of the benefit of consolidations is true, that volume of stocks and bonds should be reduced. three or four railroads are put together, so that expensive duplications of service and other outgoes are saved and "illegitimate" competition is prevented, a proportionate amount of the capitalization should be retired, or rates should be lowered. But who ever heard of that? What is actually happening is just the reverse. The roads are announcing increased charges in all directions. Shippers, individually and collectively, are appealing to the Inter-State Commerce Commission for protection. The extremely theoretical grounds urged in favor of consolidation do not fit the facts of the experience the public is actually

having.



THE VANDERBILT RAILWAY SYSTEM.

Never were railroad accidents so frequent and fatal. The consolidation of systems" and the consolidation of trains meeting head-on upon the track seem to go together. The pooling of issues and the pooling of tissues of ill-fated passengers appear to be closely connected. They are closely connected; they are largely cause and effect. The greater these combinations grow, the more cruelly they overwork their men, and the more defiant they become as to public control.

Consolidation was to give us greater "efficiency." The entire history of modern business may be searched in vain for another such spectacle of incompetence as that lately exhibited by our railroad "geniuses." Their administration of our highways has broken down. Everywhere freight has been blockaded; everywhere inefficient and exhausted men have been sending passengers to destruction in a series of railway catastrophes which have never been exceeded in horror or inexcusableness. The anthracite coal business passes under one control, and becomes the scene of blunder after blunder bringing the country to the very verge of a calamity which President Roosevelt characterized as "appalling," "unheard of," "intolerable." The practical wisdom of the combined giants of finance and transportation manifested itself in this industry in provoking a cessation of the production of coal when an unprecedented expansion of all business, demanding an extraordinary supply of coal, was visibly under way. It continued its demonstration of incapability by collapsing in its efforts to move the coal to market after mining was resumed.

In all quarters proof piles up of the failure of the railroad men to meet the requirements of their business. It has grown faster than they. They have not provided the tracks, terminals, cars, locomotives, that the growth of the country has called They have been so busy pooling and consolidating and speculating on Wall Street and exterminating competitors, that they have had no time left for the discharge of the function with which they have been entrusted—the transportation service of the country. It is impossible that an intelligent public will not hold these men responsible. They have been given a free hand; these are the results.

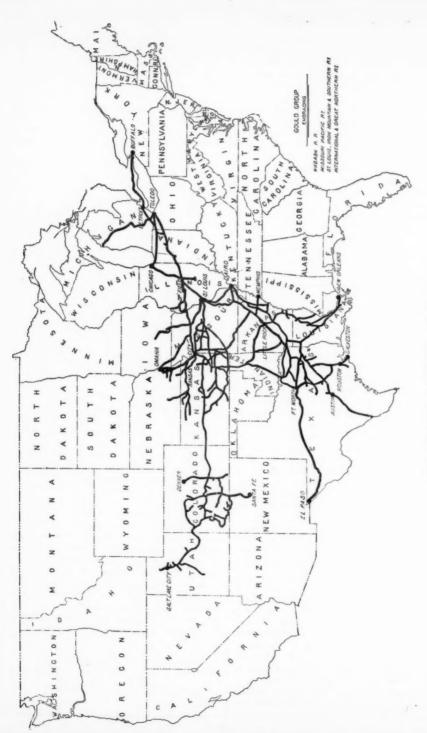
The public cannot help asking would there have been this freight blockade at

Pittsburgh if the roads planned to establish railroad competition there had not been bought up? In the last few years at least three well-considered schemes for new outlets from the coal region of Pennsylvania have been snuffed out. What is the relation between that and the deplorable dislocation that has occurred in the coal industry and more or less in all industry? Similar questions can be asked as to every

section of the country.

A recent caricature in one of the daily papers represents Uncle Sam hunting distractedly through a heterogeneous jam of a freight blockade for something that had been shipped to him, and saying: "If you can't manage this thing better, Mr. Railroad President, I shall have to try my hand at it." Years of academic propaganda for consolidation under the regime of public self-interest could not have availed onetenth so much to influence the opinion of the American people in its favor as the exhibition they are now receiving of the failure of consolidation under the mere motives of money-making and personal profit to meet the requirements of the growth of the country. No monopolist's brain, or group of brains, is big enough to manage the business of seventy-five millions of people.

Secrecy, stockjobbing, speculations, deception of stockholders, over-capitalization, permanent extortion, freight blockades, increased rates, inefficient service, and increased mortality-these are some of the accompaniments of American consolidation of our highways. Meanwhile, the Swiss have carried their evolution to its last possible stage—where all the roads have become one-by all the democratic methods of publicity, discussion, election, and legislation with popular initiative and ratification at every stage, without one dollar of stockwatering or one incident of gambling or exploitation by insiders or outsiders, with no increase of accidents, of mortality, of charges, but with the express stipulation in the law that under the New Ownership of One the roads shall not be run for profit and that rates must be reduced as rapidly as profits appear.



THE GOULD RAILWAY SYSTEM

RAILWAY COMBINATIONS

and

THE SMALL INVESTOR

By H. T. NEWCOMB

A strong tendency toward the concentration of the control of the American railway system has characterized the entire period of its development. This tendency has been subject to fluctuations, but it has ever been in operation and is generally regarded as irresistible. Its foundation is deeply laid in the nature of the business of carrying persons and property by rail, and its results have not more than kept pace with the necessities of interstate commerce. It is the purpose of this article to discuss but a single phase of this movement—a phase which popular and even scientific discus-

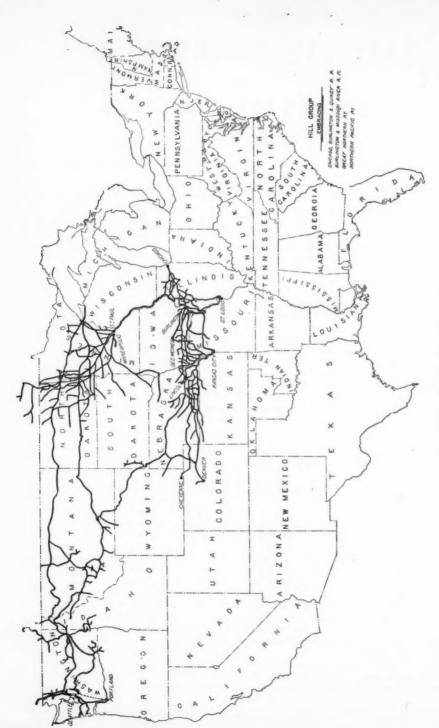
sion has commonly overlooked.

The growth of the business corporation has been almost contemporaneous with that of railway facilities, and no one denies that the present extensive development of this useful legal institution is principally attributable to the transportation industry. Not only were single fortunes inadequate to the task of supplying transportation facilities, but the risks of the early railway enterprises were too great to be accepted under conditions which would have subjected the entire property holdings of those contributing the necessary capital to liability for whatever losses were incurred. The business corporation met this situation by offering a means of combining the investments of an unlimited number of individuals without subjecting anyone to greater liability than that fixed by the amount of his original contribution. Thus even the earliest railway undertakings were accompanied by the rapid development of the corporation-a device which is primarily intended to enable persons of moderate means to participate as capitalists in great industrial enterprises.

But the early railway corporation controlled only a few miles of line, and its appeal to investors could not reach very far beyond the limited area which it served.

It was a convenient arrangement for combining the funds which local capitalists were willing to invest in a purely local means of transportation, but its business was subject to all of the fluctuations of local trade, and it could not be expected that many persons, aside from those who were thoroughly acquainted with the business of the region traversed and identified with its industrial interests, would care to become owners of its securities. With the progress of railway combination the corporations through which the privileges of ownership and control are exercised have become greater in wealth, and the special risks that arise from local conditions, such as crop failures, strikes, etc., have been progressively diffused. The development has therefore been in the direction of stability, and as the speculative element has disappeared the appeal for capital has been directed toward a constantly expanding circle of investors.

Most railway combinations result in removing from the investment field all or a material portion of the securities of one or more of the properties combined and substituting others whose economic basis is broader and, therefore, less liable to disturbance. Never has the movement in this direction been more rapid than during Thus, when the the last four years. Northern Pacific and Great Northern became the purchasers of the great Burlington system, substantially all of the shares of the latter were withdrawn from the market and, to the extent of \$107,577,200 in par value, were deposited as security for collateral trust bonds issued jointly by the purchasers, and to which they have thus pledged their solvency and good faith as well as the earning power of the property which they acquired. Unless the subsequent organization of the Northern Securities Company shall be declared illegal by



THE HILL RAILWAY SYSTEM

the courts, the shares of the latter, representing in effect the earning capacity in excess of that necessary to pay interest on bonds of the Great Northern, Northern Pacific, and Burlington systems, with their aggregate length of over nineteen thousand miles, will be substituted for those of the formerly independent corporations.

Similarly, the recent expansion of the Pennsylvania system has added to the credit of the parent corporation the security of that proportion of the earning power of the Baltimore and Ohio represented by the shares of the latter, having a par value of \$33,188,000, which the former now The entire shareholdings of the Pennsylvania Railroad in other corporations on December 31, 1901, had a par value of \$251,528,125, and, in addition to the Baltimore and Ohio shares mentioned, included shares of the Chesapeake and Ohio, the Allegheny Valley, the Long Island, the Norfolk and Western, the Pennsylvania Company, the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore, the Baltimore and Potomac, and of the Western New York and Pennsylvania. The same company also owns bonds of other corporations having a par value of \$46,486,823, while many of the corporations which it controls are themselves owners of large blocks of the securities of still other corporations.

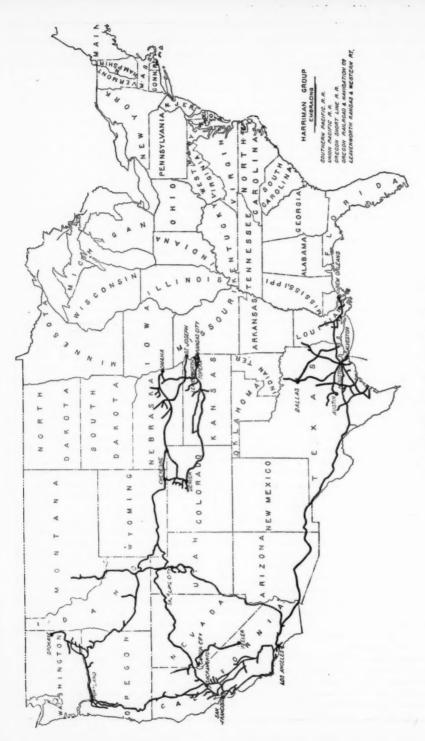
The earnings of each of these concerns, therefore, constitutes a part, of greater or less extent, of the security for the continued regular payment of dividends and interest on the shares and bonds of the Pennsyl-The risk of loss through vania Railroad. local trade depression is obviously much less than that separately attaching to any one of these enterprises, and if the capitalization of these holdings has been conservative, a fact that has not seriously been questioned, the position of a shareholder in the holding corporation is manifestly more secure than that in any one of the subsidiary organizations. Similar illustrations might be drawn from the development of almost any railway system in the country. New York Central, the Atchison, the St. Louis and San Francisco, the Union Pacific, and the St. Paul are illustrations that will occur at once to anyone.

The bare recital of these developments in corporate finance is sufficient to suggest that they must have a profound influence in some direction. Their magnitude is too great to permit a belief that they could be without consequences of the most general importance. The operations in corporate finance which have accompanied the recent growth of railway combinations have had important results which are wholly apart from the direct gain in the efficiency of railway facilities through the concentration of control that is their primary purpose.

Every one will admit the importance to a nation of an industrious and frugal population among whom the comforts of existence are equitably diffused. The essential elements in securing this desirable condition which are supplied by railway corporations are a strong incentive to saving, a stable and profitable means of investment, and an opportunity to utilize savings productively, that is as capital, while losing none of the protection against emergencies which fru-

gality affords.

Something has already been accomplished in these directions in America. Mere productive efficiency will not suffice to account for the rapidity with which wealth has been accumulated. Accumulation is the difference by which production exceeds consumption. Millions of American homes, as well as the never-ebbing tide of immigration, testify to the increased comfort that is the expression of increased per capita consumption, but no more loudly than the multiplication of industrial establishments financed at home and the rapid redemption of the securities of railways and factories that were originally constructed with capital borrowed from abroad, bespeak proper self-restraint. But abstinence from consumption is not a virtue that is its own reward. It will not be exercised unless there is a reasonable expectation of securing a future gain by present sacrifice. There are other incentives to saving, but the greatest is that which arises from opportunity to invest what has been saved in such a way as to produce a regular income. This is the alluring prospect that is held out by the existence of stable and reliable corporate investments. The farmer, artisan, or laborer who can live sufficiently within his income to accumulate seventyfive dollars now has within his power to become a part owner of the Pennsylvania Railroad, which, with its affiliated corporations, controls approximately eighteen thousand miles of railway. He can make the investment through any banker in the United States, and it will bring him an income proportionately much larger, but



THE HARRIMAN RAILWAY SYSTEM

scarcely less secure, than that to be derived from a bond of the United States government or a British consol. This is but an illustration of opportunities opened to Americans by the development of great railway corporations and daily being brought more forcibly to the realization of

every intelligent citizen.

It is not sufficient to answer to this argument that railway corporations have existed for seventy years, that their securities have always been marketable commodities and that therefore the present movement affords no greater incentive to the accumulation of wealth than has long existed. There are two requirements which the smaller railway corporations did not meet that are fulfilled by the more comprehensive organizations. The existence of the corporate means of investment must be generally known, and the risk involved must be as small as possible. It is difficult to say which of these is more important, the answer being special to each particular investor and governed by individual temperament.

The opportunity must be known. The existence of the older type of railway corporation was confined to a narrow area. The investors in its shares were local capitalists or their distant business associates. Changes in the ownership of shares were not very numerous and they were usually the result of private and consequently almost secret negotiation. The large cities, of course, have maintained their stock exchanges for many years, but it is only recently that the securities of some of the most important railways have become directly accessible to traders in the one great American market, that of the stock exchange of the city of New York. presence of a security in this great market gains for it a progressively increasing prominence that is, day by day, through the public press and the ordinary agencies of finance, brought home to a steadily expanding circle of possible purchasers. Added to this the great corporation obtains a good deal of pretty effective advertising that is but an incident of its size. Its officers and its operations are the subject of constant comment in the news columns of the great dailies and of the rural press. Its legions of employees, enjoying incomes much beyond the average earnings of those with whom they are in daily contact, make its existence and its enterprise the subject of

current discussion in every circle which they frequent. The great railway corporation is thus perpetually within the observation of nearly every citizen, and long before an individual has ceased to contemplate and wonder at its magnitude, he is, if at all frugally inclined, apt to consider its attractiveness as a means of investment and to inquire how he can make it a source

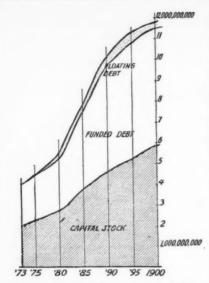
of personal gain.

That stability is an especial attribute of great railway corporations owing to the diffusion of local risks has already been made clear. In the same way, the power of a great corporation to distribute temporary losses, although they cover wide areas, over long periods of time is a means of insuring regularity in the returns to investors. The local capitalist who invests in a local enterprise is likely to insist upon the immediate distribution of all surplus earnings, and he is frequently unwilling to consent to the accumulation of a reasonable fund as a protection against future depression or losses from any cause. He has power to enforce his demand in this respect that does not lie in the hands of the investor who controls an interest of equal value in a larger enterprise.

The manner in which the greater rail-way corporations encourage the accumulation of wealth and the way in which they impel the owners of wealth to use it as capital are closely interrelated. Every incentive to saving that has been so far discussed is equally an incentive to the investment of the amounts saved. But there are incentives to accumulation other than those enumerated. Wealth is hoarded as a protection against possible misfortune.

This protection ought not to be diminished, but it is desirable from every point of view that means should be devised which, while leaving the protection in full force, will also secure the utilization of the largest possible proportion of the aggregate wealth. The great corporations that result from railway combinations tend to draw this wealth into the field of industry while the ready market for their securities guarantees the continuance of undiminished protection. In fact, here again, these great corporations supply a form of insurance, averaging and diffusing certain losses that fall upon every community with a certain degree of regularity.

No one denies that the organization of the great railway corporations has been



GROWTH OF AMERICAN RAILWAY CAPITAL 1873-1900

exceedingly profitable to the resourceful captains of industry under whose vigorous leadership they have been effected. enrichment of the leaders is an inevitable accompaniment of industrial progress and a necessary consequence of the fundamental principle of modern industrial organization which accepts the struggle of individuals to better themselves as the best means of attaining general moral, social, and industrial welfare. Wisely or unwisely. society has made individual gain the primary incentive to the exercise of industrial skill and foresight. Men of wonderful economic perception have led the movement toward the concentration of control in the railway field as in other industries. They saw, long before their fellows, the superior efficiency of transportation enterprises conducted on a large scale, and they have devoted their tremendous energy and skill to the task of securing results which have now become visible to all men. They have aided in placing the products of American farms, mines, and factories in the markets of every civilized nation and in demonstrating our title to a position of the first rank in the domain of world finance. The greater portion of the profits that have accrued from these conquests has already been diffused among the people, but a tithe of it has sufficed largely to enrich those under whose generalship the struggles were fought.

The wages of successful leadership in the railway field have not for many decades in any way equalled those in less developed industries, but it is not necessary to dispute the popular belief that the rewards of especial service have been very large. It is, however, so much easier to see the aggrandizement of the few than the more moderate gains of the many that it is, perhaps, a little startling to be told that the movement is really toward the more general distribution of wealth. But experience has amply demonstrated that the tendencies of the larger corporations are toward the payment of better wages, toward greater stability of employment, and toward the general amelioration of the conditions of labor. These things make for the diffusion of wealth, but not so strongly as the presence of a powerful incentive to saving, combined with recognized opportunities for investments from which satisfactory and stable returns can be anticipated. One has but to look at certain of the older communities of the United States, such as many which exist in Massachusetts and other eastern states. to realize how much has been accomplished in this manner with the relatively meagre opportunities that have long existed.

The outlook may be a long one, but it is clear that consolidation is the beginning of a movement that must result in an ultimate general diffusion of wealth among the people, in a great increase in average ownership and consequently in the average income and comfort, and in a considerable reduction of the difference between the average wealth and that of those whose possessions is greatest. There is clearly visible a time when every worthy citizen shall have become a capitalist with greater or smaller investments in the industry or industries which he prefers. How powerfully this must work toward general contentment and the stability of society need not be discussed. Clearly the conception is of a much truer industrial democracy than that contemplated by the socialist who crudely imagines that industrial equality can be achieved by making the direction of industry a political function.

A. T. Newcomh

SOME FACTS ABOUT RAILWAYS

UNITED STATES

REST OF AMERICA

EUROPE 176,000 M

ASIA 37,400 M.

AFRICA 12.400 M. AUSTRALASIA 14.900 M.

RAILWAY MILEAGE OF THE WORLD

There is nothing about which we know so little as familiar things. We use the railroad every day. It is a frequent theme of thought and speech, and yet there are few who ever realize just what the railroad system of the United States actually is.

Let us talk in round numbers, for, after all, round numbers are the truest as well as the most easily understood. The railways of the United States are 200,000 miles long. If they were to girdle the world, they would reach eight times around the equator. If they were to stretch from the Atlantic to the Pacific there would be sixty or more parallel transcontinental lines. There are more miles of railroad in the United States than in the whole of Europe; more than in Europe and Africa combined. In counting railroad mileage it is the United States against the world; two miles in the United States for every three miles in the rest of America, Europe, Asia, Africa, and Australasia combined. There are more miles of railroad in the Western hemisphere than in the more thickly populated Eastern hemisphere.

From the standpoint of mileage the United States has six times as great a railway system as Germany or Russia, seven times as great as the United Kingdom or Austria-Hungary, twenty times as great as Italy, and twenty-three times as great as Spain. There are more miles of railway in Illinois, Pennsylvania, or Texas than in Italy, Spain, or Sweden, and these three States combined have a greater mileage than any country in the world with the

possible exception of Germany.

SINGLE TRACK, 195,562 M.

SECOND TRACK.12.845 M.

YARD TRACKS'& SIDINGS, 54, 915 M.

TOTAL TRACK, 265,352 M

CIRCUMFERENCE OF THE EARTH 25,000 M.

TRACKAGE OF THE UNITED STATES

UNITED STATES 195, 000 MILES

GERMANY 22, 900 MILES

RUSSIA 29,900 MILES

FRANCE 26,700 MILES

AUSTRIA-HUNG. 23,000 MILES

U. KINGDOM 21,700 MILES

. ITALY 9,800 MILES

SPAIN 8,300 MILES

SWEDEN 3100 MILES

EUROPE 176,000 MILES

CANADA 17,800 MILES

MEXICO 9, 100 MILES

BRAZIL 9,100 MILES

ARGENTINE 10,200 MILES

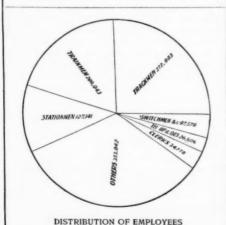
RAILWAY MILEAGE OF VARIOUS COUNTRIES

People living in the large cities of the East conceive of the great railway system of the United States as double-tracked, but only one mile in fifteen is double-tracked, only one mile in 170 is provided with a third track, and only one mile in 223 with a fourth track. The total trackage of the steam railroads of the United States is 265,000 miles, or more than ten times the circumference of the globe.

No one can ever guess at the amount of money actually invested in American railways. There have been hundreds of millions of dollars spent of which there is no trace, and stock has been issued for billions of dollars which were never invested. The present capital of American railroads, including stocks, bonds, and floating indebtedness, amounts to about twelve billions of dollars.

Compared to this sum, the capital of the United States Steel Corporation appears insignificant, while the national debt is dwarfed by comparison. The railway capital of the United States amounts to about \$150 per capita, or to about \$750 per family. It is equal to more than one-half of the total value placed by the census upon all the farm properties of the country, including the improvements, implements; growing crops, etc., and to about one-seventh or oneeighth of our total wealth. The railway capital of the United States is about twice as large as that of the United Kingdom, three and a-half times that of France or Germany, five times that of Russia, and seven times that of Austria-Hungary. It is estimated that the railway capital of the world amounts to about thirty-seven billions of dollars, of which almost one-third is invested in the United States. The railway capital of this country is almost exactly half stock and half bonds.

The gross income upon this capital amounted in 1902 to over 1700 millions of dollars or between fourteen and fifteen per cent. upon the capital. This income is about three times the ordinary revenue of the United States government, and exceeds the farm value of all cereals raised in the country. The average citizen of the United States pays about \$22 per year for railroad transportation, which is probably more than he pays for city, state, and



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federal taxes. Of the total sum received by the railroads for operation, about 1100 millions are spent for operating expenses, leaving over 600 millions as net income from operation. This is two-thirds higher than it was five years ago, and it now amounts to about eight dollars per head of

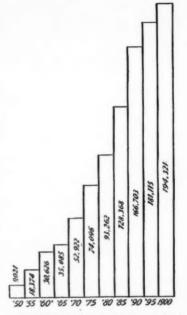
the population.

Of the 1100 millions of dollars spent in operation considerably over half is paid as wages. In 1901 wages amounted to 610 millions, the average wages amounting roughly to \$570 per man employed throughout the year. The average number of men employed by the railroads in 1901 was 1.071.000, representing a population of about 5,000,000, or one-fifteenth of the whole population of the United States. This does not include men indirectly dependent for employment upon the railroad service. The railway employees of the United States are about equal in number to the pensioners of the national government, and their remuneration is about four and one-third times as great as the total amount of these pensions.

Of the total revenue of the railroads. about twenty-eight per cent. is derived from

passengers.

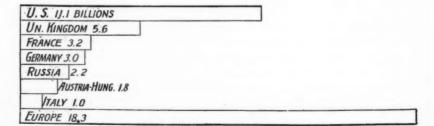
In 1901 the inhabitants of the United States averaged eight railroad trips per year and journeyed about 230 miles. The total number of passengers was 607 millions, and they traveled seventeen and onethird billions of miles. The travel on American railways amounted to about 175 times the distance from the sun to the earth. In the same year, 583 millions of tons of material were carried an average of 252 miles, the total haulage amounting to 147 billions of tons carried one mile. This traffic is equivalent to the work



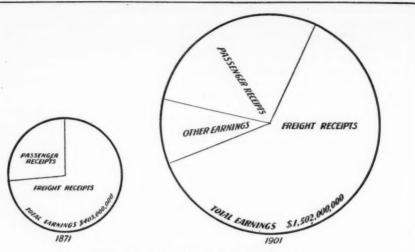
GROWTH OF RAILWAY MILEAGE IN THE UNITED STATES

which would be performed by every man, woman, and child carrying 200 pounds of material a distance of fifty miles every single day in the year. The remuneration demanded by the railroads for carrying 200 pounds a distance of fifty miles amounted on an average to about four cents, or less than would be paid a small boy for running a short errand. The passenger traffic of American railways is greater than that of any other railway system in the world, and the freight traffic is enormously greater.

Accidents on American railways are



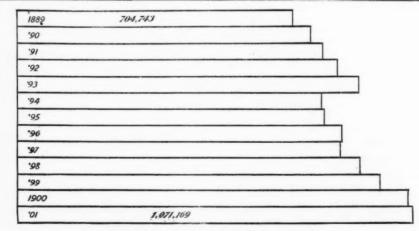
RAILWAY CAPITAL OF VARIOUS COUNTRIES



RECEIPTS OF AMERICAN RAILWAYS, 1871-1901

deplorably frequent. In 1901 there were 2,675 employees killed and 41,142 injured. In other words, one employee out of every 400 was killed (in the case of the trainmen one in thirteen). The figures of passenger accidents are much less startling. There were 282 passengers killed and 4,988 injured; in other words, one in 2,153,000 was killed and one in 122,000 injured. As Mark Twain pointed out in his essay on "The Danger of Lying in Bed," the only truly safe place is the rail-

way train. On an average a passenger travels three and one-half millions of miles before he is injured and sixty-one and one-half millions of miles before he is killed. The average traveller could journey sixty miles an hour, twenty-four hours a day, three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, for 120 years before, according to the law of probabilities, he would be killed in an accident on an American railway. Despite all of which American railways are not yet sufficiently safe.



NUMBER OF RAILWAY EMPLOYEES, 1889-1901 (Snowing the decline during the period of industrial depression)

TRANSCONTINENTAL RAILWAY PROJECTS OF CANADA

By JOHN A. EWAN

Canada's great western empire at last is coming into its own. Till a few decades ago, the million-miled prairie between Lake Superior and the Rocky Mountains, north towards the Arctic and south to the American border, had been thought of, or not thought of, as a hopeless wilderness. Overshadowed by the vigorous young nation to the south, it was left in the undisputed possession of the buffalo, the Blackfoot, and the Hudson Bay factor. Today Canada and the world at large have awakened to the fact that in this wilderness the coming century has one of its greatest undeveloped assets. The Dominion Government, with canny patriotism, seized the opportunity of King Edward's coronation pageant last summer to proclaim that new evangel by erecting in London the most striking of the street decorations, an arch of cereals bearing the inscription, "Canada the Granary of the Empire."

The year One of the Canadian west was the year 1870 of the older nations. In that year Rupert's Land, as this territory was called, was bought from the Hudson Bay Company and incorporated in the young Dominion. Few even of the farsighted statesmen who advocated that step had any conception of the possibilities of Canada's new possession. Political rather than commercial reasons dictated its acqui-Political reasons, too, urged the construction of the first road that bound the West to the East, the Canadian Pacific Railway. By the aid of lavish government subsidies it was carried to completion in 1885, in spite of the opposition of some prominent politicians who protested that the Canadian Pacific Railway would never pay for the grease on its car-wheels."

A decade passed, and the prophets of evil seemed justified. Western Canada hung fire. The Canadian Pacific, despite the masterly management of its President, Sir

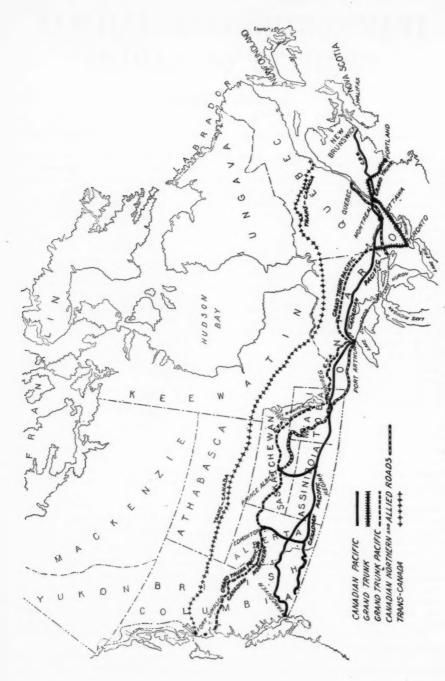
William Van Horne, passed a dividend about this time, and doubting Thomases went about saying it would never pay another. But it did, and its stock, which was wavering about 60, has long since passed par.

The years of despondency were those immediately preceding the dawn. British Columbia, the Pacific coast end of the railway, began to discover the great mineral wealth hidden in the sea of mountains which it spreads to the sky. There was an influx of speculators and miners, and this in turn had an influence on the neighboring farming lands. The prairie district through which the Calgary and Edmonton railway runs was perishing of anæmia. Tons of things to eat could be grown, but there was nobody to buy. The miners and prospectors who poured into British Columbia furnished the desired market, and some blood began to circulate through the blue-lipped communities strung out along the three-days-a-week railway to Edmonton, that meeting-place between the man with the self-binder from the south and the man with the beaver traps and the musk-ox rifle from the north.

Then the Klondike unveiled itself, sending another current of life through the wilderness. But the most essential factor was the discovery of the Canadian west by the western American farmer. Mr. Sifton, the Minister of the Interior, is a western man, and when he came into office he infused fresh zest into a plan which his predecessor had started—the plan of canvassing the United States for settlers. It was hard work setting the tiniest rill in motion, but it began to trickle over the border, and now, for the last three seasons, it has assumed the proportions of a full-bodied stream, amounting last year alone to

some 50,000 settlers.

This movement is unparalleled in the history of the United States, accustomed



CANADIAN TRANSCONTINENTAL LINES—BUILT AND PROJECTED TRUNK LINES ONLY SHOWN

for a century to receiving a flood of immigrants within its borders but sending none forth in turn. The attraction that has reversed this tide must needs be remarkable. And remarkable it is -not a Klondike's glittering allurement, but the soberer gold of the waving wheat. No will-o'-thewisp is leading these farmers on, but a statistical average of thirty bushels of wheat to the acre. Three-fourths of North America's hard wheat belt, as United States Consul Taylor used to point out, lies in Canada. Eight hundred miles north of the American border the best "Manitoba No. 1 hard" wheat can be grown to perfection. A boom such as Dakota never dreamed of seems destined for this bucolic Eldorado.

Yet the Promised Land is not all flowing with milk and honey. The marked aridity which characterizes so much of the United States west of the hundredth meridian extends over the border for some distance into Canada. Assiniboia and southern Alberta are quite uncertain as to rainfall. In the early days of the Canadian Pacific Railway one or two attempts were made by English companies to carry on farming on a large scale, but they were pronounced failures. This want of success gave that part of the Canadian west a black eve that no amount of beefsteak-and that it was suitable for cattle-raising was easily demonstrated-could wholly remove. not only the incorporate Englishman but the individual Englishman blacklisted the country. It is not a land where much grain can be raised with a shot-gun, a couple of greyhounds, and a liberal supply of the mountain-dew blend.

Thus Assiniboia and Alberta lay under a ban and gave a general shady character to the whole country outside Manitoba, until it was re-discovered by the western American farmer. This matchless pioneer was familiar with lands where rain is considered an almost unwarranted intrusion, and his opinion was that in the southern territories of the Canadian west the rainfall was sufficient for all practical purposes, and further north all that could be desired. This discovery marked a new era in the progress of the west. Settlers' cabins are springing up as if by enchantment on the prairies which the big farming companies decided were not suited for human habitation. The Americans sell their farms in the United States for a good figure and with the proceeds are able to buy farms not only for themselves but for their sons, at from \$3 to \$5 an acre, and still have a good deal of capital left to work their new possessions. They begin at once to add to the sum of products to be sent out of the country.

Manitoba's wheat and Alberta's beef must find their chief market across the ocean. The problem of transcontinental



SIR WILLIAM VAN HORNE

transportation is thus a vital one. These products must be brought to tide-water at Montreal or Quebec, either by rail all the way or by rail to the head of Lake Superior and thence by water. Till recently the only outlet was the Canadian Pacific. In the effort to keep pace with the growth in production, that road has built thousands of miles of branch lines in all directions and doubled and trebled its rolling stock, but in vain. The Northwest has grown beyond the one-railway stage. New lines are imperatively needed.

To meet this need three new roads are now being built or actively projected—the Canadian Northern, the Grand Trunk Pacific, and the Trans-Canada.

The Canadian Northern is the creation of William Mackenzie and Donald Mann, two enterprising young Canadians whose

rapid rise to wealth is one of the most romantic chapters in the Book of Success. Three years ago they perceived that the link of supreme importance in western transportation was a road connecting Winnipeg, the emporium of the Manitoba wheat fields, with Lake Superior. They began building a railway from Port Arthur westward through that portion of Ontario south of the Canadian Pacific, a tenantless but highly promising wilderness. The way to Winnipeg along this route is barred by the waters of the Lake of the Woods. It was necessary therefore to go south of the lake and this brought the railway into Minnesota, so that a short portion of the line runs through American territory. The Manitoba Government, which is vitally interested in the transportation question, purchased all the tracks which the Northern Pacific owned in Manitoba, and resold, or rather re-leased them, to Mackenzie and Mann. The young firm at once found itself in control of a considerable railway system, which last season helped materially in marketing the superabundant western crops.



But Mr. Mackenzie and his partner have more ambitious plans in view. They aim to make this line a transcontinental one. The Canadian Northern is already nearing Prince Albert and will reach Edmonton in another year. The road cannot be left hanging in the air at Edmonton. The logic of the situation and the determination of the promoters alike call for its extension to the Pacific.

In the East they have recently made arrangements with the Great Northern and the Canada Atlantic which will give them the desired connection between Quebec and Parry Sound on Georgian Bay. Thus the only link lacking in the ocean to ocean plan is the stretch from Parry Sound to Port Arthur. During the season of navigation this missing link is supplied by a steamship line, but when winter seals up the waters the Mackenzie and Mann system is in the woods. They could make connections with American roads but this the Canadian public would not tolerate, for the keeping of transportation routes wholly within Canada is becoming an important clause in the national creed.

At the approaching session of the Dominion Parliament a charter will also be asked for a company known as the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway. Strictly speaking it is not a Grand Trunk project, but the general manager of that great corporation, Mr. Charles M. Hays, one of the railway giants of the continent, is the moving spirit in the enterprise.

The proposed charter is somewhat vague in its terms, but the route that will be followed may be outlined with some degree of probability. The eastern connection of the new road will be the Grand Trunk. It will take its departure on its westward way from North Bay, the most northerly point of the Grand Trunk system, run up to the Lake Temiscamingue country and then westward to Port Arthur on Lake Superior. It will open up in northern Ontario the largest stretch of uninterrupted arable soil in Eastern Canada, a tract of 16,000,000 acres, at present covered with immense spruce forests, and traversed by great rivers running into James Bay. The route to be taken from Port Arthur is not yet a matter of public knowledge. It had been supposed that the new company would take Mackenzie and Mann into their project and acquire the lines they control, as the proposed routes of the two companies from the lakes to the Pacific very nearly coincide. But it is apparent that the two sets of capitalists cannot agree upon terms. Both declare their intention of pushing toward the Pacific

independently of each other.

There is a third candidate for public favor, promoted chiefly from the Province of Quebec. This is the Trans-Canada Railway. It proposes to start from tidewater at the Bay of Seven Islands on the St. Lawrence River east of Quebec, and, striking into the northern portion of the province, to take a line across the continent immediately south of James Bay and run north of Lake Winnipeg instead of south as do all other trans-continental

lines, actual or projected.

The Trans-Canada is not taken very seriously in Ontario, but in Quebec it is being most actively and enthusiastically promoted. It has behind it the weighty name of Sir Sandford Fleming, who constructed the Intercolonial Railway and was for twelve years engineer-in-chief of the Canadian Pacific. Its advocates declare that history will repeat itself and that in twenty years the men of little faith who decry the new project will confess themselves as much mistaken as the former opponents of the Canadian Pacific do today. Northern Ouebec is a country of great possibilities, rich in minerals, with vast stretches of forest and millions of acres of excellent arable land. These possibilities can become actualities only through the construction of such a road as the Trans-Canada. Farther west this line would tap Hudson Bay, which many believe will in a few years become one of the chief channels of communication between the West and Europe. Farther west still, it would open up the great territory of Athabasca, which is untouched by the other roads projected, and would reach the Pacific at what is at present the most northerly port in Canada's possession. Its promoters believe they have established a good claim to the favor of the public.

What has the public to do with it? will naturally be asked. Thereby hangs a tale. The American republic piled up a great debt in the throes of a civil war. Canada is piling up her national debt in constructing canals and subsidizing railways. The subsidy habit is chronic with us. The building of a railway in Canada without a

subsidy, one of our politicians once declared, is contrary to the genius of our institutions. But the people of Canada are at last growing weary of presenting free railways to enterprising promoters. They believe we have surely arrived at a stage where railways can dispense with subsidies and the country dispense with the lobbying and electoral corruption subsidies involve.



CHARLES M. HAYS

Messrs. Mackenzie and Mann have received subsidies for every mile of track they have built, and they look for subsidies for every additional mile they will build in The Grand Trunk Pacific the future. scheme is based on a similar expectation. The Trans-Canada is even more dependent on the Dominion treasury for its success. The Canadian public is very doubtful whether it will give subsidies to any one of these roads; it is certain that it will not give subsidies to all. This momentous question will be decided at the coming session of the Dominion Parliament. On its action hangs the future of the west.

John A. Ewan

(Toronto)

THE MOON'S STORY

By SIR ROBERT BALL

I think there is no chapter in modern science more remarkable than that which I here propose to describe. It has, indeed, all the elements of a romance. I am to sketch an event of the very greatest moment in the history of this universe, which occurred at a period of the most extreme antiquity, and has been discovered in the most remarkable manner.

The period of which I write is far more ancient than that of the pyramids of Egypt or of any other monuments erected by human effort. It is even more early than that very remote time, hundreds of thousands of years ago, when man himself first came upon this globe. Our retrospect has to pierce right through those vastly protracted cycles which the geologists have opened up to us. The time of which I write is more remote than that very remarkable epoch in earth history during which the great coal forests flourished. It is earlier than the supreme moment, countless millions of years ago, when living organisms first became inhabitants of this globe. The chapter of history which we are to consider is, indeed, in the very dawn of things terrestrial.

It might be thought that it would be utterly impossible for us to learn anything with regard to what took place at a time so immeasurably anterior to all sources of tradition, and, indeed, to all the ordinary channels for obtaining knowledge by observation. It fortunately happens, however, that the darkness of this early period is illumined by a bright and steady source of light which will never deceive us if only we will follow it properly. Our trustworthy guide is to be the pen of the mathematician, for it is well known that, unless we are going to dispute the proposition that two and two make four, we cannot impugn the truths which mathematics disclose. Let us, therefore, see what this infallible guide has to teach with regard to that momentous epoch in the history of our system when the moon was born.

Our argument proceeds from an extremely simple and familiar matter. Every one who has ever been on the sea-shore knows the daily ebb and flow of the waters. which we call the tides. Long ere the true nature of the forces by which the moon acts upon the sea was understood, the fact that there was a connection between the tides and the moon had become certainly known. Indeed, the daily observation of a fisherman, or of any one whose business was concerned with the great deep, would have taught him that the time of high water and the time of full moon stood at each place in a certain definite relation. The fisherman might not have understood the precise influence of the moon upon the tides, but if he had observed, as he might in some places, that when the moon was full the tide was high at ten o'clock in the morning, it would be perfectly obvious to him that the moon had some special relation to this ebb and flow of the ocean.

The ebbing and flowing of the tide opens up this chapter in remote history, which we can now explore mainly by the help of the researches of Professor George Darwin. For as the tides course backward and forward, sweeping to and fro vast volumes of water, it is obvious that the tides must be doing work. In fact, in some places they have been made to do useful work. If the water as it rises be impounded in a large reservoir, it can be made to turn a water-wheel as it enters while another water-wheel can be driven as the reservoir empties itself a few hours later. Thus we produce a tidal mill. It is quite true that so long as coal remains tolerably cheap and steam power is consequently readily available, it is not often possible to employ the direct power of the tides in an economical For our purpose it is merely necessary to note that, day after day, week after week, year after year, the tides must be incessantly doing work of some kind or other.

Every practical man knows that a certain

quantity of work can be done only by the expenditure of a certain amount of energy. He also knows that there is in nature no such thing as the creation of energy. It is just as impossible to create out of nothing the energy which should lift an ounce weight through a single inch as it would be to create a loaf of bread out of nothing. If, therefore, the tides are doing workand we have seen that they undoubtedly are doing work—it follows that there must be some source of energy on which the tides are enabled to draw. A steam engine is able to put forth power because of the energy developed from the coal which is continually supplied to the furnace. But where is the equivalent of the coal in the great tidal engine? We might at first hazard the supposition that, as the moon is the cause of the tides, so we must look to the moon to provide the energy by which the tides do their work. This is, however, not exactly the case. The match which lights the fire under a steam boiler is in one sense, no doubt, the cause of the energy developed; but we do not, therefore, assert that the power of the engine is derived from the match. It comes rather from the fuel whose consumption is started by the match. In like manner, though the moon's attraction causes the tides, yet it is not from the moon that the tidal energy is drawn. There is only one possible source for the energy necessary to sustain the tides. Every one who is conversant with mechanical matters knows the important duty which the fly-wheel performs in a mill. The fly-wheel, in fact, may be considered as a reservoir into which the engine pours the power generated with each stroke of the piston, while the machinery in the mill draws on this accumulated store of power in the fly-wheel. If the engine is stopped, the fly-wheel may yet give a turn or two, for the energy which it contains may be still sufficient to drive the machinery of the mill for a few seconds. But the store of energy in the fly-wheel would necessarily become speedily exhausted and the fly-wheel come to rest unless it were continually replenished by the action of the engine.

The earth may be regarded as a mighty fly-wheel which contains a prodigious store of energy. That energy is, however, never added to, for there is no engine available. If, however, no energy were withdrawn from the earth, then the globe would con-

tinue to spin round its axis once every twenty-four hours forever. As, however, the tides need energy to get through their work, they abstract what they require from the store which they find at hand in the rotation of the earth. Next time you see the tides scouring up and down a river, you may reflect that the power which impels that mass of water to and fro has been obtained solely at the expense of the spinning of our globe. Indeed, the little child who digs a moat in the sand, which is filled by the rising tide, affects to a certain extent the revolution of this earth about its axis.

This withdrawal of energy from the earth is incessantly taking place along almost every coast. From day to day, from century to century, from eon to eon, energy is daily being withdrawn and daily wasted, never again to be restored. As the earth has no other means of replenishing its stores, the consequence is inev-The quantity of energy due to the rotation of the earth must be gradually declining. Stated in this way perhaps the intimation is not very alarming, but placed in other words, the results at which we have arrived assume the more practical expression that the tides must be gradually checking the speed with which the earth turns round.

I may, however, admit at once that the change thus produced is not very appreciable when only moderate periods of time are considered. Indeed, the alteration in the length of the day from this cause amounts to no more than a fraction of a second in a period of a thousand years. Even in the lapse of ordinary history there is no recognizable change in the length of the day. But the importance of our argument is hardly affected by the circumstance that the rate at which the day is lengthening is a very slow one. The really significant point is that this change is always taking place and lies always in the same direction. It is this latter circumstance which gives to the present doctrine its great importance as a factor in the development of the earth-moon system. We are accustomed in astronomy to reason about movements which advance for vast periods in one direction, and then become reversed. Such movements as these are. however, not the real architects of the universe, for that which is done during one cycle of years is undone during the next. But the tides are ever in operation, and their influence tends ever in the same direction. Consequently the alteration in the length of the day is continually in progress, and in the course of illimitable ages its effects accumulate to a startling magnitude.

The earth now revolves on its axis once in twenty-four hours. There was a time. millions of years ago very likely, when it revolved once in twenty-three hours. Earlier still it must have spun on its axis in twenty-two hours, while this succeeded a time when the day was only twenty hours. The very same arguments applied in those times which apply at the present, so that if we strain our vision back into the excessively remote past, we find the earth spinning ever more and more rapidly, until at last we discern an epoch when the length of the day, having declined to eight hours and seven hours, had at last sunk to something like five or six hours. This is the time when the moon's story commences. At this eventful period the earth accomplished about four revolutions in the same time that it now requires for a single one. We do not attempt to assign the antiquity of this critical moment. It must certainly have been far earlier than the time when this earth became fitted for the reception of organized life. It must have been, at least, many millions of years ago. If it be thought that the vagueness of our chronology is rather unsatisfactory, then it must be remembered that even historians, who have human records and monuments to guide them, are still often in utter uncertainty as to the periods during which mighty empires flourished or as to the dates at which great dynasties rose or fell.

But our story has another side to it. Among the profoundest laws of nature is that which asserts that action and reaction are equal and opposite. We have seen that the moon is the cause of the tides, and we have further seen that tides act as a brake to check the speed with which the earth is rotating. This is the action of the moon upon the earth, and now let us consider the reaction with which this action must be inevitably accompanied. In our ordinary experience we observe that a man who is annoyed by another feels an unregenerate impulse to push the annoying agent away as far as possible. This is exactly the form which the reaction of the earth assumes. It is annoyed by the moon, and accordingly it strives to push the moon away. Just as the moon by its action on the earth through the medium of the tides tends to check the speed with which the earth is rotating on its axis, so the earth reacts on the moon and compels the satellite to adopt a continuous retreat. The moon is, therefore, gradually receding. It is further from the earth today than it was yesterday; it will be further tomorrow than it is today. The process is never reversed: it never even ceases. The consequence is a continuous growth in the size of the track which the moon describes around the earth. It is quite true that this growth is a slow one; so, too, the growth of the oak is imperceptible from day to day, though in the lapse of centuries the tree attains a magnificent stature. The enlargement of the moon's orbit. though imperceptible from month to month, or even from century to century, has revolutionized our system in the lapse of many millions of years.

Looking back through the mists of time we see the moon ever drawing nearer and nearer to the earth. Our satellite now revolves at a distance of 240,000 miles, but there was a time when that distance was no more than 200,000 miles. There was a time, millions of years ago, no doubt, when the moon was but 100,000 miles away: and as we look further and further back we see the moon ever drawing closer and closer to the earth, until at last we discern the critical period in earth-moon history when our globe was spinning round in a period of about five or six hours. The moon, instead of revolving where we now find it, was then actually close to the earth; earlier still it was, in fact, touching our globe, and the moon and the earth were revolving each around the other, like a foot-ball and a tennis-ball actually fastened together.

It is impossible to resist taking one step further. We know that the earth was, at that early period, a soft molten mass of matter, spinning round rapidly. The speed seems to have been so great that a rupture took place, a portion of the molten matter broke away from the parent globe, and the fragments coalesced into a small globe. That the moon was thus born of our earth uncounted millions of years ago is the lesson which mathematics declares it learns from the murmur of the tides.

Mut / Ball

THE ART OF READING

By LEWIS E. GATES

Somewhere in Aurora Leigh Mrs. Browning gives to her heroine a girlish plea for "impassioned" reading:

"We get no good

By being ungenerous even to a book
And calculating profits—so much help
By so much reading. It is rather when
We gloriously forget ourselves and plunge
Soul-forward, headlong, into a book's profound,
Impassioned for its beauty and salt of truth—
'T is then we get the right good from a book.'

We may smile at Aurora's girlish extravagance, but there is truth in her ranting, as every booklover can doubtless bear witness from his own experience. To lose oneself in a book, to whistle the world and its impertinences down the wind while one lives the life that one's author bids one live. thinks his thoughts and feels his feelings: nay, to forget the very existence of authors and critics and to yield completely to the illusion of poem or novel or to the fascination of essay or history—that is certainly one way of getting delight from a book, superlative delight. We can all of us probably name a few books that we have thus lived through, not simply read, hypnotizing books, books that laid hold of our inmost nerve-centres and converted us for the time being into new creatures.

Among our more famous American authors Lowell was, perhaps, preëminently the bookman, though this aspect of his character has grown somewhat obscure by reason of his later prestige in diplomacy. It is interesting to note that the picture of Lowell that stays with Mr. Leslie Stephen as most characteristic places him in the midst of his books.

"At first sight I found a singularly complete specimen of the literary recluse. I remember, with a curious vividness, the chairs in which we sat by the fireplace in the study. I look at the dedication of Under the Willows and feel that I, too, have heard his 'Elmwood chimneys' deepthroated roar,' and, indeed, can almost hear it still. I need hardly add that we worshiped

'Nicotia, dearer to the Muse Than all the grape's bewildering juice.' All round us were the crowded bookshelves, whose appearance showed them to be the companions of the true literary workman, not of the mere dilettante or fancy biographer. Their ragged bindings, and thumbed pages scored with frequent pencil-marks, implied that they were a student's tools, not mere ornamental playthings. He would sit among his books, pipe in mouth, a book in hand, hour after hour; and I was soon intimate enough to sit by him and enjoy intervals of silence as well as periods of discussion and always delightful talk. I feel as though I could still walk up to the shelves and put my hand upon any of the books which served as texts or perhaps as mere accidental starting-places for innumerable discussions.'

Through such quotations as these it is worth while, in this age of ingenious shortcuts to knowledge and of mechanical schemes for self-cultivation, to lay stress on the value of a mere reckless delight in reading for its own sake—a delight that is regardless of consequences. Most of us probably find it not easy as we grow greatly experienced in all kinds of books to recover the "first fine careless rapture" of our earlier encounters with literature; but something of this unrecking self-surrender must remain with the critic if he is to interpret literature appreciatively and powerfully. And so, too, in the case of the student; he must not fancy that mere schedules of books and the diligent study of "authorities" will lead him where he wants to go. If he have a whimsical love for reading, let him thank heaven and make the most of it. At the start his whims will half the time lead him wrong, but if he follow them bravely in all directions he will get much experience—experience that will be genuine, vital, thoroughly his own; and if, in addition, he gradually form the habit of testing and trying his whims, of coming to realize closely and accurately his impressions of books, of comparing the impressions that he gets from one book or author with those

that he gets from another, and of comparing all this experience with the experience recorded by other sincere lovers of books, and so testing its worth—then indeed he is on the right road to the formation of a wide-ranging and just taste in literature.

For after all, the true critical appreciation of literature is simply zest that can give an account of itself, and literary criticism is from this point of view merely the art of extracting the greatest possible amount of worthy pleasure out of a book. so, though one may lose through the thefts of time the earlier, wholly unskeptical belief in the book of the moment and in some measure the power of yielding unquestioningly and absolutely to its moods and ideas, there is a gain that may come by way of compensation. In place of the reckless absorption with which a child reads a fairy tale in verse, the patient and loyal student of literature may hope at last to substitute the fine appreciation with which a well-trained mind gathers from a poem all its meaning and all its pleasure, delicately alive alike to its human quality and to its technical skill, aware of its changing music, sensitive to the varying beauty of its imagery, and all the time heightening this or that quality, or rather capturing it more surely and precisely, through rapid contrasts with passages from other poems called up at will. Some such ideal of enjoyment as this the student of literature may well enough have it in mind to reach. But it can be reached only through discipline and through persistently self-conscious habits of reading.

Suppose, then, that the student of American literature wants not simply to acquire a store of facts regarding the lives of authors and the course of literary history, but also to increase the delicacy and the range and the depth of his appreciation of prose and poetry. How can he best carry on his reading with this end in view? Doubtless, he will already have run through the books of a good many American writers and will know in general what these writers stand for. He will as a boy have duly conned his Cooper, have gone on many a hostile trail with Uncas and Chingachcook, and have gloried in the deadly certainty of Hawkeye's aim. He will have delighted in Rip Van Winkle's foibles and follies, marveled at the ingenuities of the Gold-Bug, and shuddered deliciously at the fall of the House of Usher. He will later have been snowbound with Whittier, and an Arcadian exile or a Puritan wooer with Longfellow, and he will duly have copied down the wittiest of the Autocrat's morning epigrams. Of all these writers and of many of the rest of our "representative authors" he will have a certain store of impressions.

But these impressions are, as he is quite well aware, vague and scattering, and what he aims at now is defining clearly and ordering these impressions, getting the power of putting them into fairly telling phrases, and above all making some progress in the art of grasping an author's work in its whole scope, comprehending it through and through, noting its special charm—the qualities that are its very own—and penetrating to the source of this charm and detecting the origin of these qualities.

He is not aiming at any ideally perfect mastery of the science of literary criticism. and accordingly will not want to be worried, if anyone ventures to give him advice, with technical terms or with abstract speculations. He simply wants to discipline himself at his leisure in such methods of reading as will increase his zest in the process and his ability to realize fully the characteristic charm of a book or an author. To a reader of this sort the present paper will address itself, and it will limit itself to suggesting a single definite view of literature that such a booklover may profitably maintain in his reading, and two or three practical devices for ensuring that this persistent view leads to definite results.

And first as regards the view of literature that is recommended. Let the reader accustom himself to regarding literature as a writer's revelation, through words, of his characteristic moods. Doubtless, this is a partial, an incomplete view of literature; but it will ensure for the time being the realization of certain qualities in literature that are apt to be missed or blurred, and the reader can later correct the resulting imperfections and possible distortions.

Our enjoyment of literature is in some ways like our enjoyment of music; it consists of delightful moodiness. In speaking of our enjoyment of music we continually and consciously throw much stress on our moods; in the case of literature we are apt to let our moods hide from notice under our talk of incidents and characters and plots and all the other familiar topics on

which our critics harp. We all know Chopin's moods and Beethoven's moods and Wagner's moods. But of the feelings that Hawthorne's temperament secreted and delicately insinuated into the finely wrought forms of his prose poems-of these, even though we have read several of Hawthorne's romances, we are not so swift

or sure in our speech.

Yet these feelings are distinctive of Hawthorne's work; and if one is to be able to detect and describe just the peculiar quality of this work, one must be sensitive to every shade of feeling that is implicit in Hawthorne's prose, to every mood that lurks in a phrase, or exhales from an image, that modulates a sentence and accelerates or delays its movement, to all the moods by which the author was more or less consciously guided in his choice of words, in his invention of incident or plot, in his coloring of portraits and in his comments on character and on human destiny. These moods were distinctive of the man and they are distinctive of his art. It was in their service that his eye and ear were perpetually at work as he strolled through the fields or along the highway; and still more emphatically it was in obedience to these moods and feelings that later, in his writing room, his imagination went busily through his stores of impressions and images, culling out such as could be wrought into the tissue of a symbolical story, shaping and blending and harmonizing them and making them expressive, finding for them the perfectly fitting phrase and outer form, until he had embodied in a piece of imaginative prose the moods and the feelings that were for the time being predominant.

To realize closely and completely the feelings that an author treasures up in his writings-this, then, is evidently an essential of truly appreciative reading. reader who is in search of the secret of an author, of the innermost sources of the charm that dwells in his writings, must watch unflaggingly for all the signs of the play of those inner springs of intense feeling which are the moving principle of his life as an artist. Nor will he find this a tiresome task. On the contrary he will soon see that this watchfulness is giving new zest to his reading, is revealing to him on page after page beauties that when he read more carelessly he passed over without

a thought.

But it is not enough that the reader

identify these moods of his author and these qualities of his work at random, as he chances upon them in page after page of his reading; he must compare them and group them and classify them; he must recognize the same artistic impulse, the same quality of feeling, showing itself in remote parts of the same book and in different books; he must detect the same temperamental bias, now in a phrase, now in the trait of a character, now in an image, and now in a description of nature. This grouping or classification of impressions and moods is a matter of great importance, and if successfully carried out will prove of the utmost service in helping the reader to just interpretation of his author. To make easier and surer the classification of impressions drawn from a wide range of reading, the following practical device is

recommended. It used to be told of Gladstone that, in

the back of every book that he read, he made on the blank pages his own private index of what the book had for him of special interest. For anyone who will do a thorough piece of analysis, these blank pages will not suffice. Let him slip a half dozen sheets of note-paper in the back of his book and fix them in place with a light rubber band passed over the cover. Then, as he reads his author, let him jot down at the head of one and another of these pages this and that topic that a phrase or sentence or paragraph suggests or illustrates. Suppose that Hawthorne be the author chosen for careful reading. Topics that are likely soon to be recorded are "Mystery," "Puritanism," "Pathos,"
"Tender Humanity," "Love of Nature,"
"Poetic Charm." When the reader sets "Poetic Charm." down a topic, let him set down also a reference to the page that suggests it. And thus as he goes on with his reading, the reader will be gathering into orderly groups the most characteristic of the impressions that he gets from his author, defining these impressions more and more clearly, marking off more and more delicately shades that are closely related, and all the time ensuring the truth of his impressions by referring them to their sources in the text. Very mechanical, all this? Doubtless it will seem so; but the process will justify itself by the far from mechanical mastery to which it leads.

Of course, a reader of little experience will have at first some difficulty in being sure of his impressions. This kind of reading by no means comes "by nature," as Dogberry thought both writing and reading came. Even a critical reader who has had considerable practice will often find an author elusive or will be very much at a loss to capture just the peculiar shade of some aspect of the author's genius.

In such cases of difficulty the reader should use the method of contrasts. Let him turn from his chosen author to some author whom he knows to be in striking contrast with him. From Hawthorne let him, for example, turn to Jane Austen. Let him insert a half dozen chapters of Pride and Prejudice in the midst of The Scarlet Letter and observe how totally different are the moods that Jane Austen's prose expresses—a gentle, playful cynicism. kindly irony, delicate satire, exquisite common sense, perfect content with the commonplace, amused preoccupation with the trifles of social life, complete disregard of nature-alike of its beauty, its wistful charm, and its mystery. Then, after realizing these moods of Jane Austen's let him turn back to The Scarlet Letter, and he will find that his mind has been tempered into a new alertness for the detection of its peculiar emotional colors.

Or instead of passing from Hawthorne to a vividly contrasting author, let the reader take up some author who seems at first sight to be very much akin to Hawthorne-Poe, for example. Indeed, this is a far better way than the former of reaching the nicer and more elusive distinctions. When read just after a tale of Poe's, passages in Hawthorne's romances that seemed of no very certain color or tone come out into recognizable clearness of tint; they reveal their values; they define faintly but unmistakably their peculiar shades and hues. The tender human sympathy of Hawthorne wins recognition in contrast with the harsh intellectual brilliance of Poe. The fragrant refinement of Hawthorne's mind grows more and more lovely and lovable in contrast with Poe's melodrama. Hawthorne's defects will also be rendered clearer: a certain simplicity of mind, that is at times almost naïveté, will show itself unmistakably in contrast with Poe's perennial sophistication. But what this method of close contrasts is peculiarly fit for is to bring out the precise nature, the individual modification, in the case of each author, of some quality that in general both possess in common. A comparison of Hawthorne with Jane Austen simply made the reader rather crudely aware of the mystery in which Hawthorne delights and of Jane Austen's common sense; a comparison with Poe renders delicately certain the very shade and texture of Hawthorne's

mystery.

By following this method the reader will find that after some practice he can get from his reading very satisfactory and suggestive results. He will note in the first place great gain in his quickness of eye and in the play of his moods; he will be able to detect differences of effect and to name them readily where he would have been simply aware, when he was merely a desultory reader, that he was getting a big sensation of some sort or other. He will discover, too, that he can see around an author's work as he could not before-see it in its mass and range and general characteristics and in its relations to the

author's genius.

'To plod and still to keep the passion fresh,"-that is the secret, so some one insists, of success in every art and science and even in life itself. With all respect to Aurora Leigh and Mrs. Browning, a never-ending series of "plunges, soul-forward, headlong," into a never-ending series of "books' profounds," seems likely to be a rather exhausting and also a rather unprogressive process. But waiving the extravagance of the figure and grantingand this was expressly granted at the start -the immense desirability of recklessly self-forgetful reading, the pleader for more critical and self-conscious methods may still urge, first, that for nearly all of us this reckless self-forgetfulness is found in some measure to disappear with youth; and second, that so far as certain "timelyhappy souls" retain the knack of it, they may still practice it, while supplementing it by the more delicately sophisticated methods that have been briefly and tentatively described. By all means, let us have passion" in reading—the more of it the better; but let us add to our "passion" trained perception, insight, and sophisticated appreciation.

Surs E. Sate.

(Harvard University)



Reckless Railroading

With all our boasted advancement in the useful arts of modern life, there are certain respects in which we are a long way behind some of those older countries which we are apt to think we have left far behind us in all things that affect the comfort, safety, and sanctity of the life of the individual citizen.

Some time ago the British Board of Trade was able to announce that during a period of twelve months not a single passenger had been killed on the railroads of Great Britain. Since then another three months has passed without a fatality, making a straight record of fifteen months' operation of the most crowded railroad system in the world without a single loss of life.

Here, in the United States, our railroads have killed seventy-seven passengers in fifteen days!

So far from there being any mitigating circumstances, the more we look into the question the more inexcusable does our own shocking death list appear; and for the following reasons: First, the total number of passengers carried is greater in Great Britain; second, this greater number is handled upon one-eighth as many miles of track-24,000 miles in Great Britain as against 200,000 miles in the United States; and, thirdly, the average speed and frequency of the trains is greater there. So that the slaughter that is going on is actually less excusable than the mere figures-and Heaven knows they are bad enough-would show.

We recently presented this comparison of railroad fatalities to the chief engineer of one of the leading railroads entering this city, who is a specialist on the question of block signaling, and asked him to explain the seventy-seven fatalities. In his prompt reply he put his hand at once on the weak spot: "The different results are to be explained by a difference in national temperament—here we take chances." He was right; our engineers do take chances; they interpret signals to please themselves; they run past them, and—kill seventy-seven passengers in fifteen days.

But what are we to do? We cannot change "national temperament." True; but we can at least curb it, and we can do so in the case of the railroad engineer by extending the automatic principle, so that if he does not shut off steam for green lights, it will be done for him.

Let us place two levers on the engine and two corresponding trips on the track, one within sighting distance of the green and the other within sighting distance of the red signal. Let the green trip register with a lever that shuts an auxiliary throttle valve near the smokebox; let the red trip register with another that will set the emergency brake. Then should the engineer fail to shut off steam and let his engine coast on approaching the distant green signal, it will be shut off for him; and if he fail to set the brakes on sighting the home or red signal, the trip will open the train The levers could be so arranged that if the engineer manipulated his throttle and brakes in accordance with the signals, there would be no connection made between the trips and the engine. suggestion as to automatic air-brake connections with the red signal was made several years ago, and it is excellent; the green light trip acting on the throttle is a logical extension of the idea.

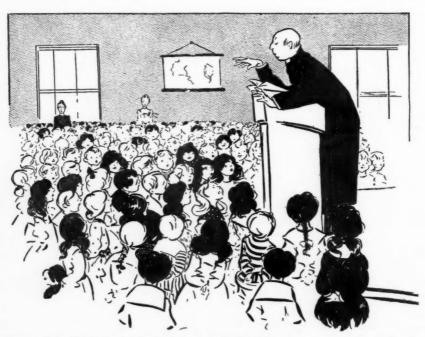
Here is a system that would prove an almost absolute preventive of collision, and that, incidentally, would produce in the first brief month of its operation a set of engineers who for alert vigilance would be hard to match.—Scientific American.

A Defence of Detective Stories

The first essential value of the detective story lies in this, that it is the earliest and only form of popular literature in which is expressed some sense of the poetry of modern life. Men lived among mighty mountains and eternal forests for ages before they realized that they were poetical; it may reasonably be inferred that some of our descendants may see the chimney-pots as rich a purple as the mountain-peaks, and find the lamp-posts as old and natural as the trees. Of this realization of a great city itself as something wild and obvious

the detective story is certainly the Iliad. No man can have failed to notice that in these stories the hero or the investigator crosses London with something of the loneliness and liberty of a prince in a tale of elfland, that in the course of that incalculable journey the casual omnibus assumes the primal colors of a fairy ship. lights of the city begin to glow like innumerable goblin eyes, since they are guardians of some secret, however crude, which the writer knows and the reader does not. Every twist of the road is like a finger pointing to it: every fantastic skyline of chimney-pots seems wildly and derisively signalling the meaning of the mystery.

This realization of the poetry of London is not a small thing. For there is no stone in the street and no brick in the wall that is not actually a deliberate symbol—a message from some man, as much as if it were a telegram or a post-card. The narrowest street possesses, in every crook and twist of its intention, the soul of the man who built it, perhaps long in his grave. Every brick has as human a hieroglyph as if it



Curate-Now children, let us have Little Drops of Water again, and try to put more spirit into it this time. - Tatler.

were a graven brick of Babylon; every slate on the roof is as educational a document as if it were a slate covered with addition and subtraction sums. Anything which tends, even under the fantastic form of the minutiæ of Sherlock Holmes, to assert this romance of detail in civilization, to emphasize this unfathomably human character in flints and tiles, is a good thing. It is good that the average man should fall into the habit of looking imaginatively at ten men in the street, even if it is only on the chance that the eleventh might be a notorious thief.

There is, however, another good work that is done by detective stories. While it is the constant tendency of the Old Adam to rebel against so universal and automatic a thing as civilization, to preach departure and rebellion, the romance of police activity keeps in some sense before the mind the fact that civilization itself is the most sensational of departures and the most romantic of rebellions. By dealing with the unsleeping sentinels who guard the outposts of society, it tends to remind us that we live in an armed camp, making war with a chaotic world, and that the criminals, the children of chaos, are nothing but the traitors within our gates. When the detective in a police romance stands alone and somewhat fatuously fearless amid the knives and fists of a thieves' kitchen, it does certainly serve to make us remember that it is the agent of social justice who is the original and poetic figure, while the burglars and footpads are merely placid old cosmic conservatives, happy in the immemorial respectability of apes and The romance of the police force is thus the whole romance of man. It is based on the fact that morality is the most dark and daring of conspiracies. It reminds us that the whole noiseless and unnoticeable police management by which we are ruled and protected is only a successful knighterrantry.-From The Defendant, by Gilbert Chesterton (Dodd, Mead).

Mrs. Eddy's Reply to Mark Twain

It is a fact well understood that I begged the students who first gave me the endearing appellative "mother" not to name me thus. But without my consent that word spread like wildfire. I still must

think the name is not applicable to me: I stand in relation to this century as a Christian discoverer, founder, and leader. I regard self-deification as blasphemous; I may be more loved, but I am less lauded, pampered, provided for, and cheered, than others before me—and wherefore? Because Christian Science is not yet popular, and I refuse adulation.

My first visit to the Mother Church after it was built and dedicated pleased me, and the situation was satisfactory. The dear members wanted to greet me with escort and the ringing of bells, but I declined, and went alone in my carriage to the church, entered it, and knelt in thanks upon the steps of its altar. There the foresplendor of the beginnings of truth fell mysteriously upon my spirit. I believe in one Christ, teach one Christ, know of but one Christ. believe in but one incarnation, one Mother Mary, and I know that I am not that one, and never claimed to be. It suffices me to learn the science of the Scriptures relative to this subject.

I have not the inspiration or aspiration to be a first or second Virgin-Mother—her duplicate, antecedent, or subsequent. What I am remains to be proved by the good I do. We need much humility, wisdom, and love to perform the functions of foreshadowing and foretasting heaven within us. This glory is molten in the furnace of affliction.—New York Herald.

Repenting at Leisure

An inquiring bachelor sent out postal cards to the married men of a town in Western New York with the inquiry, "Why did you marry?" The following are a few of the responses:

"That's what I have been trying for eleven years to find out.—X." "Married to get even with her mother, but never have.—W." "Because Sarah told me that five other young men had proposed to her.—C." "The father thought eight years' courtin' was almost enough.—B." I was tired of buying ice-cream and candies, and going to theatres and church, and wanted a rest. Have saved money.—J. C." "Please don't stir me up.—E." "Because I did not have the experience I have now.—G." "That's the same question that my friends ask me.—C. H." I wanted a companion of the opposite

sex. P.S.—She is still opposite.—A."
"Because it is just my luck.—P. J." "I yearned for some company. We now have it all the time.—Karl." "Have exhausted all the figures in the arithmetic to figure out an answer to your question; between multiplication and division in the family, and distraction in addition, the answer is hard to arrive at.—Old Man." "I married to get the best wife in the world.—Simon." "Because I asked her if she'd have me. She said she would. She's got me.—Blivins."—From A Budget of Anecdotes, by George Seton (Chapman & Hall).

Medievalizing Woman

I always read with interest what Mr. Finck writes of his ideal of the true woman, the "embodiment of personal beauty" and the object of "romantic love," and I quite agree with him that this ideal can be best developed by denying woman not only co-education, but all education beyond that of the three K's, Kirche, Küche, and Kinder, to which may be perhaps added a fourth, Kleider, and that modified science which will enable her to tell pretty stories to her children.

If this ideal prevails it means the establishment of something more nearly approaching the French system, which, to put it roughly, is marriage of a man who is skeptical with a woman who is superstitious; the man may be a libertine, the woman is convent-bred; the one used to unlimited freedom of thought and action, the other to narrow views and cultivated ignorance; the man knowing many women, the



First Bookworm—How do you like these popular novels that the publishers are printing so many million copies of?

Second Bookworm—Can't say. They never last long enough for me to get a taste.—The Bookman.

woman knowing no other men; the man traveled, the woman cloistered; the man accustomed to breathe oxygen, the woman inured to an atmosphere charged with carbonic acid. Under these conditions every marriage is a mésalliance. The only bond of union is sexual attraction or pecuniary interests, and this is a poor basis for a true marriage, which is more than a physical and domiciliary association. Opposites may attract, but similars are pleasanter to live with. Each man must make his choice between a Dora and an Agnes unless, like Copperfield, he can marry both.

In my opinion the reaction against co-education is a part of the general movement toward medievalism. This tendency shows itself in a thousand ways, of which it is sufficient to mention the dominance of corporations, monopolies, and guilds; the establishment of hereditary societies and the revival of interest in heraldry and archaic forms in books, art, and literature: the recrudescence of astrology and kindred superstitions; the advance of ritualism in church and college; the enthusiasm for athletics and physical development; militarism and imperialism; the rise of the chaperon and the concomitant acceptance of the double standard of The strength of any of these movements does not depend upon its own logic, but they all, good and bad, advance together in blind obedience to the dictates of the Zeitgeist.

The sole remedy—or preventive, for I know of no remedy-for sexual hyperesthesia is normal casual contact between men and women, especially while young, in their daily tasks and pleasures. As in electricity, the more complete the insulation the higher the potential rises on each side until, instead of comparatively harmless "sparking," we get a dangerous thunderbolt. The sooner a young man finds out that his wife is not a goddess to be worshiped, nor a sorceress to be feared, but a woman to be lived with, the better are the chances for a happy marriage. The chivalrous attitude toward woman, which consists in talking as though woman were an angel and acting as though man were a brute, has been largely replaced in this country by a camaraderie which represents a higher type of civilization.

Some people never seem to understand that when freedom and equality of opportunity are advocated the real object is not

to enforce uniformity, but to permit the development of diversity. On the contrary, the real object of "equality" is to produce inequality. The "womanly woman" can never develop, except in an atmosphere of perfect freedom. We believe the woman who grows is better than the woman who grows is better than the woman who grows is better than the woman who is manufactured by the machinery of social restrictions and prescriptions. What is woman's true sphere will be determined by experiment, not by history nor by theoretical psychology.—E. E. Slosson, in The Independent.

British and American Rivalry

There is a tendency in this country to regard America and her progress from a mistaken point of view. We have positively given way to something like a panic of late years at our cousins' successes and their investments in the United Kingdom. This is as ridiculous as it is unmanly. Thoughtful Americans take a very different view. America is a marvellously successful nation, but she is honeycombed with problems which make her future a matter of some uncertainty. The colossal aggregations of capital under individual control, for instance, organized into huge combines" under laws practically conferring limitless power upon them, constitute a great national peril, and nobody yet sees just how it is to be averted. These enormous aggregations of capital upon which dividends must be paid, and which will certainly in many cases collapse like a house of cards at the first sign of bad times, leaving wreck and ruin behind them, form an imminent danger from which we are free. The negro problem is more insistent than ever, and further from a solution. The relations of capital and labor, harmonious now because of the high wages and bonuses which good times enable the employers to pay, may become very strained when highly paid employment is restricted —and passion and bloodshed are never far off when "labor troubles" break out in America.

"The Old Country must wake up" by readiness to adopt American methods, when these are better; by promptly profiting by American experience; by enforcing economy in national expenditure; by seeking a more efficient Government, in which, for example, the great offices controlling trade should be filled by men of the highest business capacity and the widest business experience; by pushing forward the education of all classes upon wiser and more practical lines; by pursuing a simpler and better informed foreign policy, with peace as its chief aim. It might be rash to prophesy that Great Britain will be hard at work and as prosperous as of old when the United States is torn from side to side by the most terrible labor conflict the world has ever seen, but it would not be a whit more unwise than the alarmist forecasts which hand over our commercial position in the world to the United States in the near future, and reduce us to "an overcrowded and discontented little island in the North Sea." There is every reason for strenuous efforts, for a wakeful outlook, and the abandonment of some of our old indifferent acceptance of things as they are: there is not the slightest ground for rushing from the one extreme of self-complacency to the opposite extreme of selfdepreciation. - World's Work (English edition).

A Stroke of Genius

The two sons of J. J. Hill, "Jim" and "Lou," have knuckled down to work since their days in Yale, and their father is proud of their records as railroad men in the ten years since he set their respective noses to the grindstone. Both have risen to responsible positions in the Great Northern system, and have shown themselves worthy of their responsibilities with-



A.—That's Jones' daughter with him. She's just about to be married.

B.—Who's the lucky man? A.—Jones.

-Punch.

out what they used to call the "old man's

pull."

Young "Jim" Hill made his first hit as a possible railroad magnate when he was in college. In those salad days, he was not a hard student, and had several painful interviews with an unsympathetic faculty at times. It does no harm in the light of his present success to record that a warning was sent to the president of the Great Northern system, to the effect that more studious application was necessary on the part of the under-graduate in question or his college career might be frosted. Summer vacation was near at hand, and young "Jim" Hill did not view with enthusiasm his probable reception at home. His father had taken the situation too seriously for comfort, and had threatened a disastrous embargo on the vacation budget of expense.

A master stroke averted the crisis. A thesis was due in the Sheffield Scientific School course and one of the lists of topics offered was "The Effect of Transportation Systems on the Growth of Cities." Young "Jim" Hill announced, "Here is where I save my life." He forsook his cheerful haunts for the university library. He dug out statistics by the carload, and sought chiefly information about the great Northwest. He compiled and condensed, and clipped and copied, and sweated, until the result was a thesis that showed in at least a dozen different conclusive ways that the safety of the solar system depended on railway development, and that the Northwest, of all parts of the globe, had been developed by railways, and by the Great Northern system in particular.

The thesis passed the faculty with flying colors, and was then carefully forwarded by registered mail, well ahead of the homecoming of the author. J. J. Hill was delighted. He slew the fatted calf, and when "Young Jim" returned to New Haven in the fall he announced that he had had the summer of his life, and a chartered yacht as a token of parental

esteem.

"It was the hit of my life," said he. "Dad has me figured out as the wisest material for a railroad man that ever came down the track. 'Transportation and the Growth of Cities,' well I guess. Couldn't have landed harder if I'd studied every day since I was a freshman."—New York Mail and Express.

Presidents and Prime Ministers

The Presidential office differs from all other political offices in the world, and has justified the hope of its creators. We may fairly maintain that the creation and administration of our Presidential office have added something to political history, and when we contrast in character and ability the men who have filled it with the monarchs of England and of France, we may have a feeling of just pride. Mr. Bryce makes a suggestive comparison in ability of our Presidents with the prime ministers of England, awarding the palm to the Englishmen, and from his large knowledge of both countries and impartial judgment we may readily accept his conclusion. It is, however, a merit of our Constitution that as great ability is not required for its chief executive office as is demanded in England. The prime minister must have a talent for both administration and debate, which is a rare combination of powers, and if he be chosen from the House of Commons it may happen that too much stress will be laid upon oratory, or the power of making ready replies to the attacks of the opposition.

It is impossible to conceive of Washington defending his policy in the House or the Senate from a fire of questions and cross-questions. Lincoln might have developed this quality of a prime minister, but his replies and sallies of wit to put to confusion his opponents would have lacked the dignity his State papers and confidential letters possess. Hayes and Cleveland were excellent administrators, but neither could have reached his high position had the debating ability of a prime minister been required. On the other hand, Garfield, Harrison, and McKinley would have been effective speakers in either the House

or the Senate.

An American may judge his own country best from European soil, impregnated as he there is with European ideas. Twice have I been in Europe during Cleveland's term, twice during McKinley's, once during Roosevelt's. During the natural process of comparison, when one must recognize in many things the distinct superiority of England, Germany, and France, I have never had a feeling other than high respect for each one of these Presidents; and taking it by small and large in the endeavor to consider fairly the hits and misses of all, I

have never had any reason to feel that the conduct of our national government has been inferior to that of any one of these highly civilized powers.—James Ford Rhodes in Scribner's Magazine.

Judicious Advertising

President Harper of Chicago University, the Illustrious Gauddisart of our educational circles, remarked recently that colleges to be successful could not do without a little judicious advertising. This leads Punch to submit the following specimen:

EDUCATION.

GAMALIEL COLLEGE, OXFORD. Established over 600 years.

A high-class College for the sons of gentlemen and others, where young men are trained to be refined and cultured.

The College is beautifully situated in a "Broad" thoroughfare, and the buildings are modern and convenient.

Every care and comfort. Nice Garden.

Excellent Cuisine. "Weekly Battles," "Scouting," and other tactics.

Parents desirous of sending their sons to College should first write to the Master for a Prospectus and Scale of Fees.

Our latest successes include:

Lord Curzon, Viceroy of India; and the runnerup in the Amateur Ping-Pong Championship.

Train meets every bus.

N.B.—No connection with somewhat similar establishments next door and opposite.

Some universities advertise one way and some another. Dr. Harper carries a big line of academic goods, another dignitary finds fault with his boys for not having large families. Yale gets "culture" through athletics, while other places are talked about because of their annual dinners. It really doesn't matter how it is done as long as public interest is aroused.—New York Sun.

A Link with the Past

Two weeks ago the following obituary notice appeared in the *Times*:

LEWES.—On the 22nd inst., at 31, Auriol Road, in her 81st year, Agnes, the widow of George Henry Lewes, who died November 30, 1878.

It must have come as a surprise to many people, as it did to me, that a lady so closely connected with the most discussed event in the lives of George Eliot and George Henry Lewes should have been quietly living all this time in West Kensington. I do not propose to attempt the disentanglement of the unhappy story which is thus revived.

But that story has necessarily come once more under discussion, and I propose to place side by side two expressions of opinion which have been evoked by the event. I place first the following striking communication sent to the *Times* by Mrs. E. Katherine Bates, who, in reference to that paper's statement that Lewes left his family to form his connection with George Eliot, writes as follows:

Some years ago I was taking tea with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lewes (he being the son of George Henry Lewes to whom George Eliot left her MSS. and most of her possessions), and the conversation turned upon the subject to which your remarks refer. I had often heard some such suggestions made, and had greatly desired to know the truth of the matter.

That afternoon Mr. Charles Lewes accompanied me downstairs to the hall door, and by a sudden and overpowering impulse I was led to ask him whether it were true that his father had left his mother owing to the influence of George

"It is a wicked falsehood," was his answer. "My mother had left my father long before he and George Eliot had ever met each other. George Eliot found a ruined life, and she made it into a beauti-



If Wood were mercenary, what a fortune he could make showing how to handle Teddy!

—The Chicago Record.

ful life. She found us poor little motherless boys, and what she did for us no one on earth will ever know"; and his whole face lighted up with emotion and the tears came to his eyes as he said this to me.

He then continued in these words: "I am the son of the woman who, people say, was wronged by George Eliot and my father. I have told you the real truth of the matter, and you have my authority to repeat it wherever and whenever such a statement is made again in your presence."

This remarkable and poignant statement may seem to many readers to settle the matter, but, as a matter of fact, very different views find supporters. Commenting on the *Times* obituary notice, a "Man of Kent" writes in the *British Weekly*:

Though, on the whole, public opinion went with Lewes rather than with his wife, yet those who knew have quite a different story to tell. They declare that Thornton Hunt was a much finer character than Lewes. The subject at best is unsavory, and I content myself with referring to the first volume of Mrs. Lynn Linton's book, The Autobiography of Christopher Kirkland, for her view of the case, and also to the same writer's posthumous

volume of Reminiscences of Thackeray, Dickens, and George Eliot. But here, again, I have the advantage of referring to a surviving friend who knew all the circumstances, and in his judgment the whole affair was deeply discreditable to all concerned. Lewes' children, as is well known, were brought up by George Eliot. Through all the clamor and controversy Mrs. Lewes has remained absolutely silent, and now she is dead.—T. P.'s Weekly.

Concerning Spinsters

But my strong fortress for the unreconciled spinster is not built by the work of her hands, whether it be egg-gathering, planting seeds, or picking flowers. It lies in the cultivation of her imagination and her sense of humor. If you have these two you may laugh at fate, for you are clad in an armor which never rusts nor disintegrates. If you are inclined to be bitter, to view yourself as the football of Destiny, kicked from one discomfort to another; if you think people snub you; if you suspect your best friends of growing cold toward you, or even of deliberate slights;—if you are in the habit of sitting



in the dark and brooding over these things, the fault of the whole matter lies within. It is your fault because you take a morbid point of view. Think how unwholesome and malarial your mind must be. Consider the stagnant state of your heart. Think of the microbes which are eating your soul away. Such a disagreeable person as you are determined to be deserves to be slighted and snubbed and left out of parties and picnics. Who wants such a walking funeral about?

Don't lay it to the influence of the hall bed-room. That would not be fair. But you may lay it to the influence of the boarding-house, which generally consists of hall bed-rooms. If there is any one thing worse than the boarding-house habit, it can only be the wrapper and curl-paper habit of certain slovenly women. If a woman wears a wrapper mornings and keeps her hair in curl papers at breakfast, she deserves never to get a husband. And if a woman with a husband does it, she deserves to lose him.—Lilian Bell in Harper's Bazar.

A Doomed Sport

Bills prohibiting pigeon-shooting are appearing in the Legislatures, and they ought to be supported by vigorous petitions from the public. They will be opposed, of course, by "sportsmen" of the peculiar class who amuse themselves with this "sport." Did you ever see the "sportsman" who spends his Sundays maiming and killing pigeons? He is a fine person, isn't he, to pose as a champion of sport! He a sportsman, this obese, slow, lazy person who stands by the hour popping miserable pellets at the poor creatures that struggle from the traps! If he is, so is flypaper.

We have often wondered what a Spaniard who read the things American newspapers say about bull-fighting would think of pigeon-shooting. The two "sports" are not to be mentioned in the same breath. The bull-fighter takes some risks—not many, but enough to make his profession a dangerous one—and bull-fighters have been known to be killed in the ring. The bull-fighter must be courageous, strong, skilful. But what strength, courage, skill, or other valuable human quality is needed to shoot pigeons from a trap?

It does not even demand a very high degree of markmanship. Its only real essential is cruelty. For every other sport in which the killing of creatures is the object, some sturdiness of mind or of body is required. We say this, although we think sport has become too much of a fetich with us. Like the English people as the Frenchman saw them, we are disposed to say: "It is a beautiful day. Let us go out and kill something," and despise people who think the killing of things ought to be left to the butcher. But none of the excuses that can be made for other assaults with intent to kill upon the brute creation can be pleaded for pigeon-shooting. It is an evil pastime, good only for the gunsmith, and it should be placed in the same relation to the law as cock-fighting, dog-fighting, and bear-baiting. - Collier's Weekly.

The Triumph of Individualism

After having passed through the savage tribe, and next through the village community, the Europeans came to work out in medieval times a new organization, which had the advantage of allowing great latitude for individual initiative, while it largely responded at the same time to man's need of mutual support. A federation of village communities, covered by a network of guilds and fraternities, was called into existence in the medieval cities. Immense results were achieved under this new form of union-in well-being for all. in industries, art, science, and commerce. But towards the end of the fifteenth century, the medieval republics, surrounded by domains of hostile feudal lords, unable to free the peasants from servitude, and gradually corrupted by ideas of Roman Cæsarism, became a prey to the growing military states.

For the next three centuries the States, both on the Continent and in these islands, systematically weeded out all institutions in which the mutual aid tendency had formerly found its expression. The village communities were bereft of their folkmotes, their courts, and independent administration. The guilds were spoilated of their possessions and liberties, and placed under the control, the fancy, and the bribery of the State's official. The cities were divested of their sovereignty, and the very springs of their inner life—the folk-

mote, the elected justices and administration, the sovereign parish and the sovereign guild—were annihilated; the State's functionary took possession of every link of what formerly was an organic whole. Under that fatal policy and the wars it engendered, whole regions, once populous and wealthy, were laid bare; rich cities became insignificant boroughs; the very roads which connected them with other cities became impracticable. Industry, art, and knowledge fell into decay. Political education, science, and law were rendered subservient to the idea of State centralization.

The absorption of all social functions by the State necessarily favored the development of an unbridled, narrow-minded individualism. In proportion as the obligations towards the State grew in numbers the citizens were evidently relieved from their obligations towards each other. In the guild-and in medieval times every man belonged to some guild or fraternitytwo "brothers" were bound to watch in turns a brother who had fallen ill; it would be sufficient now to give one's neighbor the address of the next pauper's hospital. In barbarian society, to assist at a fight between two men, arisen from a quarrel, and not to prevent it from taking a fatal issue, meant to be oneself treated as a murderer; but under the theory of the allprotecting State the bystander need not

TREADER VANATED TO THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERT

RUNNING THE GAUNTLET

Ministerial Candidate—I wonder if they are going to hit me hard?—Ram's Horn.

intrude; it is the policeman's business to interfere, or not. And while in a savage land, among the Hottentots, it would be scandalous to eat without having loudly called out thrice whether there is not somebody wanting to share the food, all that a citizen has to do now is to pay the poor tax and to let the starving starve.

The result is, that the theory which maintains that men can, and must, seek their own happiness in a disregard of other people's wants is now triumphant all around-in law, in science, in religion. It is the religion of the day, and to doubt of its efficacy is to be a dangerous Utopian. Science loudly proclaims that the struggle of each against all is the leading principle of nature, and of human societies as well. To that struggle Biology ascribes the progressive evolution of the animal world. History takes the same line of argument; and political economists, in their naïve ignorance, trace all progress of modern industry and machinery to the "wonderful" effects of the same principle. The very religion of the pulpit is a religion of individualism, slightly mitigated by more or less charitable relations to one's neighbors. "Practical" men chiefly on Sundays. and theorists, men of science, and religious preachers, lawyers and politicians, all agree upon one thing-that individualism may be more or less softened in its harshest effects by charity, but that it is the only secure basis for the maintenance of society and its ulterior progress .- Prince Kropotkin in "Mutual Aid a Factor in Evolution" (McClure, Phillips).

The Pitfalls of Etiquette

"I think the customs and etiquette here are perfectly delightful," said an ex-Ambassadress, whose husband had represented us abroad some time ago. "They are just the right thing for our country and are a great contrast to what prevails in Europe, I can assure you. I suppose," and she glanced around with a deprecating smile, "all of you have heard of my first appearance at Court, when the General was Ambassador at —, and I sat down in the presence of royalty?"

Some of us had heard a rumor of the tale, but we were too polite to admit it, so we waited. She went on with a fine touch of humor:

"Before we made our first appearance at Court the General asked for some instructions. I was given two or three points. I was told that I must back out of the presence of the Emperor and Empress, and I was shown how to do it. I was also instructed that I must not turn my back to any member of the reigning family, and as almost every other man and woman at Court was of the blood royal. you may fancy what a task was before me. When the first court function came around I went in all the splendor of Court dress and tight shoes, and, as you all may see, I am no sylph. I got along very well, however, and backed away from the Emperor and Empress in good shape, and was congratulating myself on being safely over the worst of it when the General whispered to me, suddenly, in a suppressed

"'Wife, wife, you are turning your

back to the Archduke C-

"I wheeled about promptly only to be

met with:
"'Take care; the Archduchess is just

"I wheeled again, and then heard the General warn me agonizingly:

" 'The Prince, the Prince!

"By this time I was not only very nervous but dizzy, and I said in a whisper to the General, 'Good Heavens! I've got to turn my back somewhere; do, pray, pilot me up against the wall; I suppose I won't be committing any breach if I turn my

back to the wall?

"But the General was obdurate and insisted that the wife of the American Ambassador must face the music, and before the evening was a quarter gone I felt perfectly sure that I had backed all over the map of Europe, and besides, my tight shoes had begun to bite as only tight shoes can on such occasions. At last, when it was almost impossible for me to spin about any longer, a space was cleared and I spied a gorgeous green satin sofa. I said to the General:

" You see that green sofa over there? Well, Royalty or no Royalty, I'm going to sit on that sofa, even if the Grand Cham-

berlain makes a face at me.' "

'And did you?" I asked, as the ex-Ambassadress wiped away a tear of laughter. 'Of course I did," she said, "and to

this day the General can't bear to see the color green anywhere about. But I'm thankful we don't have to back around over here."-From The Woman's Washington, in The Saturday Evening Post.

What Lies Ahead for England?

I confess I contemplate the future with profound misgiving. The masses have had dangerous object lessons furnished them in South Africa as to what are deemed legitimate methods of warfare against obstructive oligarchy. "Methods of barbarism," which were lauded to the skies as the very acme of humanity on the veldt, may be found quite as effective, although they will not be regarded as so "humane," when employed by starving crowds savage with hunger. The evidence given in the Hartopp case—every word of which was printed verbatim in the newspapers read by the masses-affords the demagogue only too tempting a text for incendiary invectives against the idle rich. Organized Christianity has lost its hold upon the people. The Daily News census shows that, so far as the figures have been published, six out of seven of the citizens of London never darken the doors of any place of worship. The support given by the Moloch priests to the war has deprived them of the small moral restraint which they might otherwise have exercised.



ON THE LONDON ROAD

No work for "our heroes" when the war is over .- R. Caton Woodville in The Sphere.

The pinch of poverty will tighten rather than relax. Ministers, not content with taxing the people's bread, have committed themselves to a policy which is meaningless unless it increases the price of sugar by several millions a year. Instead of avoiding fresh wars, they are preparing for a costly expedition against the Mad Mullah and they secretly embarked upon a war in alliance with Germany against Venezuela. Unless they raise at least £15,000,000 for the purpose of rebuilding the farmsteads and restocking the farms which they have destroyed in South Africa, they will have to maintain a standing army in a new Ireland at a cost equivalent to the interest on a capital expenditure of £150,000,000.

All this means only one thing. Right ahead of us lies a period of semi-revolutionary discontent, which if not rightly guided will have disastrous consequences. It is this necessity which, I anticipate, will bring the Progressive Party into being, and before very long will place it in power. The question, thercfore, as to what will be the policy of the new Party is of pressing importance, and its discussion is well within the pale of practical politics.

The policy of the new Party, I take it, will be subject to infinite modification in order to meet the pressing exigencies of a very troublous time. But its main aim and purpose will be to convert the present militant British Empire into a peaceful Cooperative Commonwealth of Federated States, whose first object will be to secure for every man or woman, able and willing to work, the following indispensable essentials to a human existence:

(1) Sufficient food, at least equal to the rations of criminals in gaols.

(2) A decent home, at least equal, from a sanitary point of view, to the stables in which members of the House of Lords keep their horses.

(3) An education good enough to enable the British workman to hold his own against his rivals in Germany, the United States, and elsewhere.

(4) An old age pension which would relieve the veterans of industry from the haunting dread of the workhouse.

The method by which these aims would be secured are naturally too numerous to be mentioned here. But the fundamental principle of the Co-operative Commonwealth being that all its resources may be employed by means of graduated taxation for the purpose of extirpating social misery, as it is admitted they may now be used for the purposes of aggressive war, the Progressive Ministry would not lack for funds.—W. T. Stead in The Review of Reviews.

The American Invasion a Boomerang

While, as good Americans, we are triumphing with an honest, loud noise over the victories of American industries abroad, has it ever really occurred to us that this very success carries with it its own danger? For, indeed, regarded from one aspect, our enterprise may merely be showing the nations of the earth how we do things. We are, in a way, selling the hostile our powder, and explaining to them our system of fortifications.

Almost within the last two years, there has been established in a foreign port not six hundred miles from Cape Cod a hostile camp as aggressive as it is well armed; and of late it has been growing in strength by ratio arithmetical and geometrical. It has been sending its raiding fleets all over the American Atlantic. It has most audaciously invaded these great United States. It has even launched its pygmy but very vicious javelins at the rhinocerine hide of the Steel Trust itself; yes, it has paused on its march to heave large, bituminous chunks at the astonished coal-barons of Pennsylvania.

It is Mr. Henry M. Whitney who has established, at Sydney, Cape Breton, the combined coal- and steel-company which has made that "outstretched right hand of Canada'' look very much like an outstretched bunch of knuckles. A few years ago he sat down with his experts to study Cape Breton steel conditions. He found that in Cape Breton there was coal at tidewater, with half a dozen fine ports, on that long dock of the Dominion," to choose among. There was ore of medium grade in almost every direction; and there was more of the highest grade only a day's sail across the channel on Belle Island. Limestone in plenty lay some fifteen miles to the north, also on tide-water—that priceless point of vantage hungered for by every great mill- or factory-owner.

Then, the comparative geography of Sydney was rather astonishing, too.

Mr. Whitney expected to find her much nearer Liverpool than Pittsburg, but not 1,258 miles nearer. He found that she was about 1,050 miles nearer Gibraltar and the Mediterranean; and, so much does her out-jutting into the Atlantic count for, she was 757 miles nearer Cape Town—even 200 closer than Liverpool! What would have been even less suspected, she was actually nearer every South American port, from Pernambuco down, than any other shipping-point on the American sea-hoard!

Carnegie has said that "the city or nation which can produce the cheapest steel has insured supremacy." Sydney claims to be assembling "the three raw materials," and making the finished steel at half the cost at which it can be made elsewhere. Already another great corporation is building steel-mills at Sydney, and there are more to follow. Now, too, steel ships are to be built at Sydney. She will freight her coal and iron to the world's

market in her own ships.

But in the meantime she is doing anything but waiting on her future. While this is being written, a big five-master is delivering the first instalment of a 25,000ton coke order to New York. American coal is being displaced all along the St. Lawrence, and three steam-freighters are carrying the Cape Breton product to Bos-Last year, Pennsylvania coal men got themselves a market in the Mediterranean; this year they will have to fight the Sydneyites, if they are going to keep it. As for the Cape Breton steel company, one certainly does not wish to echo the wildly exuberant note of the local journalists, but the altogether significant fact must be written down that already it is making good its boast of "cheapest in the world," Within the last twelve months it has been selling its output in Glasgow, in Liverpool, in Rotterdam, in Hamburg, and, more than all, in spite of land and water freights and a tariff meant to be prohibitive, in our coal-and-iron city of Pittsburg!-Arthur E. McFarlane, in The Cosmopolitan.

Not on the Program

The elder Wallack once played in a romantic drama in which, after taking an impassioned leave of the heroine, he leaped on a horse which stood just in the wings and dashed across the stage. Wallack objected to this nightly gallop, and it was therefore arranged that one of the supers, who closely resembled the actor, should make the ride. He was accordingly dressed exactly like Wallack, and sent to the theater in the afternoon to rehearse. He carried off his part well, and the stage-manager departed.

But the super was not satisfied, and complained to a young member of the company who happened to be present. "Why, see here," he said, "that thing is too dead easy. A man with a wooden leg could do it with his eyes shut. I used to be in a circus. Couldn't I stand up on this here equine and do a few stunts?"

"Certainly," exclaimed the other; "that would be all right. Go ahead."

"You think the old party wouldn't object?" said the super, doubtfully. "Object!" returned the player. "Why, he'd be tickled to death. Do it."

That evening when the critical point was reached Wallack was gratified to see his counterpart standing ready beside the horse.

"Love, good-night—good-night," cried the hero, preparing to drop over the edge of the balcony.



DEA EX MACHINÂ. THE GODDESS OUT OF THE CAR

But what is this? What thing of sea or land? Female of sex it seems, That so bedecked, ornate, and gay, Comes this way sailing Like a stately ship. An amber seent of odoriferous perfume Her harbinger.—Milton, Samson Agonisses.

"Stay!" cried the heroine, clinging round his neck. "You ride perhaps to death!"

"Nay, sweet, say not so; I ride to honor! With thoughts of thee in my heart no harm can come! Good-night—goodnight!"

He tore himself from her frantic embrace, and dropped out of sight of the audience.

"Go!" he hissed to the man.

As the horse leaped forward on to the stage the fellow gave a mighty vault and alighted standing on its bare back. He threw up one foot gracefully and danced easily on the other, and just before it was too late leaped into the air, turned a somersault, landed on the horse's back and bounded lightly to the stage.

It is recorded that the audience applauded tumultuously, but the remarks of Wallack are, unfortunately, lost.—Harper's Maga-

zine.

M. de Blowitz's Last Summary of French Politics

This is the first interesting observation to be made as regards the Republic: its supporters are watching vigilantly all men of ambitious or domineering temperament who are aiming at the Presidency. This is why M. Déroulède was exiled, for it was supposed that if he extolled a plebiscite for the election of a President, it was because he had the extravagant idea that he himself would be the first to benefit by the new régime in the suffrages of his compatriots. So that, in a word, to-day as at its inception, the Republican ramparts are assailed by the combined forces of its enemies, and I venture to say that for this unfortunate and baneful state of things, this heavy incubus weighing upon France owing to the chronic instability of its Government, sincere Republicans of all shades are as responsible as is the Opposition as a whole.

For neither party has done anything to traverse the gulf which separates them. Neither has made the slightest advances, All parties, each of which loudly claims the exclusive privilege of patriotism, have been wanting in patriotism and shown that they know not the meaning of the word. Every one of these parties, Radicals, Socialists, even the moderate Republicans, the Royalists, the Bonapartists, the National-

ists, in a word the hungry, discontented, and ambitious of every shade, every one and all together have been tormented by but one passion—namely, to obtain office and to govern; all have the immense pretension to personify France, and in pursuing their object of obtaining office they are convinced that France is behind them in their pursuit of place, with all that place implies, authority over the army, over justice, over the administration in general, and above all over the Budget, the source of the material joys to which they aspire.

No, the Republicans have done nothing to make terms with their enemies so as to bring in the reign of universal co-operation among French citizens for the grandeur and prosperity of France. The result is that whenever a man of great ambition and great talent, coupled with real audacity, arrives, a man exercising even moderate influence on the masses, but ready to risk his life in order to obtain power, he will find himself face to face with a vague Government incapable of resisting his assaults.

Happily for the Republic, there is not at present in the Opposition any one intelligent enough, nor popular enough, nor sufficiently strong willed, nor so endowed with political genius, nor so indifferent to danger, to expose the Republic to such a risk, and it will owe, no doubt, for a long time still to this negative cause its chances of existence. Moreover, we should not forget it possesses in M. Loubet the very type of a level-headed Chief Magistrate of the Republic, and while the President does not aspire to overstep the bounds of the action assigned him by the Constitution, it is nevertheless his firm intention to protect and defend the authority entrusted to his loyalty and vigilance. It is, besides, to the general mediocrity of the Opposition that those Republicans who are now commonly lumped together under the name of the Bloc, a name invented by M. Clemenceau, owe the fact of the relative impunity with which they are for the moment pursuing the sole policy which figures on their programme, the policy which is the alpha and omega of its doctrines - namely, anti-Clericalism.

This policy is a sterile one, which cannot be completely realized, and which would be a danger for the Republic if there were an Opposition intelligent enough to exploit the situation. Save for a few big towns dominated by an instinctive sort of

Socialism, quite without reason or science, the French provinces are not only indifferent to anti-Clericalism, but even given over to the Catholic cult. The average provincial Frenchman wants to be baptized, married, buried by the curate or the pastor, and you may travel up and down France and find hardly a single family in which the children have not been baptized, nor a marriage purely civil, nor a funeral that does not take place at the church or 'temple." So that the anti-Clerical policy now pursued with such an effort of passion constitutes, to my mind, a futile action which may become dangerous. - The London Times.

Mr. Dooley on the Fair Sex

Sometime arly in his life ivry man writes a book entitled "All there is to know about women in wan volume, thirteen pages, includin' a biography an' pitchers iv th' author." Afther a while he puts in wan iv thim little tags that always goes at th' end iv a book iv acc'rate information: "E-eratum: In th' foregoin' volume, on page wan to tin, f'r 'is' read 'is not,' an' f'r 'is not' read 'is.' On th' other pages wheriver 'is' or 'is not' appears, substichoot 'maybe' or 'p'rars' or 'th' Lord on'y knows.'" Whin a man tells you that he have all the tells you that he knows all about women, don't ast him anny questions in th' higher mathymatics iv th' fair sect. Ast him how a woman sticks a hat-pin into her head without killin' herself, why she always smooths her dhress down when she stands in front iv a fire, an' why she on'y ates whin there ar-re men ar-round. -February Idler.

Standard Oil Ethics

Mr. Rockefeller had the powerful imagination to see what might be done with the oil business if it could be centered in his hands—the intelligence to analyze the problem into its elements and to find the key to control. He had the essential element to all great achievement, a steadfastness to a purpose once conceived which nothing can crush. The oil regions might rage, call him a conspirator and those who sold him oil traitors; the railroads might withdraw their contracts and the legislature annul his charter; undisturbed and unresting he kept at his great purpose.



Bobbie, did you know I was going to marry your sister? Oh yes, when did you find it out?—Life.

The producers and independents of the oil regions believed in independent effort—every man for himself and fair play for all. They wanted competition, loved open fight. They considered that all business should be done openly; that the railways were bound as public carriers to give equal rates; that any combination which favored one firm or one locality at the expense of another was unjust and illegal.

Mr. Rockefeller's point of view was dif-He believed that the "good of all" was in a combination which would control the business as the South Improvement Company proposed to control it. Such a combination would end at once all the abuses the business suffered. As rebates and special rates were essential to this control, he favored them. Of course Mr. Rockefeller knew that the railroad was a public carrier, and that its charter forbade discrimination. But he knew that the railroad did not pretend to obey the laws governing them; that they regularly granted special rates and rebates to those who had large amounts of freight. That is, you could bargain with the railroads as you could with a man carrying on a strictly private business depending in no way on a public franchise. Moreover, Mr. Rockefeller knew that if he did not get rebates somebody else would; that they were for the wariest, the shrewdest, the most persistent. If somebody was to get rebates,

why not he? This point of view was no uncommon one. Many men held it, and felt a sort of scorn, as practical men always do for theorists, when it was contended that the shipper was as wrong in taking rates as the railroads in granting them.

This lack of comprehension by many men of what seems to others to be the most obvious principles of justice is not rare. Many men who are widely known as good share it. Mr. Rockefeller was good." There was no more faithful Baptist in Cleveland than he. enterprise of that church he had supported liberally from his youth. He gave to its poor. He visited its sick. He wept with its suffering. Moreover, he gave unostentatiously to many outside charities of whose worthiness he was satisfied. He was simple and frugal in his habits. He never went to the theatre, never drank wine. He was a devoted husband and he gave much time to the training of his children, seeking to develop in them his own habits of economy and of charity. Yet he was willing to strain every nerve to obtain for himself special and illegal privileges from the railroads which were bound to ruin every man in the oil business not sharing them with him. Religious emotion and sentiments of charity, propriety, and self-denial seem to have taken the place in him of notions of justice and regard for the rights of others .- Ida M. Tarbell, in McClure's Magazine.

Are Dreams Continuous?

A writer in the Royal Magazine has been subjecting himself to a number of curious experiments with a view to testing certain theories that he holds on the subject of dreams. He maintains that when a man is asleep he is continually dreaming, and that the "only dreams or portions of dreams you can remember are those which occur just before you awake." In order to secure evidence for this theory he got his wife to awaken him whenever she heard him talking in his sleep. Up to the time of writing that had occurred twice, and in both cases he was "roused in the middle of a violent dream scene."

Next, he induced his wife to awaken him when he appeared to be sleeping peacefully, using various methods to do so. The methods adopted were giving him a smart "dig in the ribs" (a violent plan, which one would think would be too cruel for a lady to employ on her liege lord), dropping cold water in his hand, fanning his face, calling his name, and holding a spray of heliotrope to his nose, and then rousing him with a shake. In each case he awoke with a distinct recollection of a dream, and in each case the dream took shape more or less from the sensation by which the subject was awakened. dig in the ribs interrupted an interview at afternoon tea with Mr. Pierpont Morgan, which was a pity if any advantageous financial result were likely to follow from it: the dropping of cold water on the hand broke a dream of having a little worm wriggling its way into his flesh just above the wrist; and the heliotrope interrupted a delightful dream of a lovely garden. These experiences are held by the writer to establish the fact a sleeping man is always dreaming, and that the dream remembered is the dream of the moment before waking. He wants his readers to try similar experiments with themselves; but perhaps their wives may object to be parties to such ruthless human vivisection.-New York Commercial Advertiser.

Reckless Shooting

It has been calculated that in the British Isles some 300,000 persons (of whom a quarter of a million take out either "game" or "shooting" licences) shoot more or less in the course of the year; and it has been estimated that no less than fifty to sixty millions of cartridges are annually fired. Yet the accidents are few and far between. We have all had escapes; others, perhaps, may have had escapes from us. I have myself seen one fatal accident; I was near by when another one occurred; the two within four days of one another. But the actual accidents, great or small, that have come within one's own observation or knowledge are, I think, extraordinarily and providentially few.

And yet we have, on the one hand, our dangerous and our careless shots amongst us; and, on the other, we have the loitering beater and the ignorant "stop," who so often manage to occur in the unexpected spot. "He shot round me"—was the graphic description given me of a reckless shot—"he shot round me, he shot above me, he shot below, he shot at me; I was, as I may say, like the Burning Bush, 'in

the midst of fire yet not consumed." Lord Cardigan, of Balaclava fame, was once heard abusing his keeper for extravagance in using men instead of boys for "stops." "Beg pardon, my lord," was the matter-of-fact reply, "but your lordship will remember that last year you shot down all the boys."

The biggest and heaviest authenticated bag secured at one shot, of which I have ever heard, consisted of one rabbit (the cause of the shot), one beater, one onlooker (a French cook), a boy, and a dog. I once shot nine snipe at a shot—but this was in South America, they were on the ground, and they were shot for the pot. I have read of a sportsman (not Baron Munchausen) who shot a bumble bee and a butterfly, right and left; and, indeed, sometimes a large bumble bee does, for an instantaneous second, look uncommonly like a distant advancing grouse; just as, when on the alert for partridges, the fieldfares, breasting the hedge, often cause a nervous twitch of the gun.-From Fishing and Shooting, by Sydney Buxton, M.P.

Field Flowers

But among those of March, April, May, June, July, remember the glad and festive names, the springtime syllables, the yocables of azure and dawn, of moonlight and Here is the Snowdrop or sunshine! Amaryllis, that proclaims the thaw; the Stitchwort or Lady's Collar, that greets the first-communicants from the hedges, whose leaves are as yet indeterminate and uncertain, like a diaphanous green lye. Here are the sad Columbine and the Field Sage, the Jasione, the Angelica, the Field Fennel, the Wallflower, dressed like the servant of a village-priest; the Osmond, that is a king fern; the Luzula, the Parmelia, the Venus's Looking-glass; the Esula or Wood Spurge, mysterious and full of sombre fire; the Physalidis, whose fruit ripens in a lantern; the Henbane, the Belladonna, the Digitalis, poisonous queens, veiled Cleopatras of the untilled places and the cool woods. And then, again, the Camomile, the good capped Sister, with a thousand smiles, bringing



ABOUT GHOSTS

He—D'you know, if I were ever to see a ghost, don't cher know, I believe I should be a hopeless idiot for the rest of my life!

She (absently)—Have you ever seen a ghost?—The King.

the health-giving brew in an earthenware bowl; the Pimpernel and the Coronilla, the pale Mint and the pink Thyme, the Sainfoin and the Euphrasy, the Ox-eye Daisy, the mauve Gentian and the blue Verbena, the Anthemis, the lance-shaped Horse-Thistle, the Cinquefoil or Potentilla.. to tell their names is to recite a poem

of grace and light.

We have reserved for them the most charming, the clearest sounds, and all the musical gladness of the language. One would think they were the persons of a play, the dancers and chorus of an immense fairy scene, more beautiful, more startling and more supernatural than the scenes which unfold themselves on Prospero's Island, at the Court of Theseus, or in the forest of Arden. And the comely players of this silent, never-ending comedy -goddesses, angels, she-devils, princesses and witches, virgins and courtesans, queens and shepherd-girls—carry in the folds of their names the magic sheen of innumerable dawns, of innumerable springtimes contemplated by forgotten men, even as they also carry the memory of thousands of deep or fleeting emotions which were felt before them by generations that have disappeared, leaving no other trace.—By Maurice Maeterlinck, in The Fortnightly Review.



The Clerk—Shall I send this for you, madam?
The Bargainer--No, thank you, I am driving.
The Dear, Sweet Little Pet—Oh, mamma,
are we going back in the green 'bus?
—The King.

News a Century Old

Dr. GALVANI has discovered a principle by which motion can be restored to Dead Bodies; and Citizen Potel, of Paris, has discovered a mode of employing the Oxygenated Muriatic Acid Gas, for the actual resuscitation of the Dead. If thus Death and Disease are subject to the powers of human invention, what miracles are we not still to expect from the AGE of WONDERS?

* * *

The different roads about town are very much infested with Highwaymen. Thursday night a Gentleman took a post-chaise from town to Edgware; but, before he had proceeded further than four miles, he was told by several persons that they had been robbed, and advised to return, if he meant to avoid their fate. He accordingly returned to London.—When the Post-boy arrived, he was ordered with a person to Dartford; but, on their arrival at Shooter's Hill, the chaise was stopped, and the passengers robbed.

* * *

BONAPARTE'S post-haste dinners are loudly complained of by his British guests, who are not accustomed to short commons. The CHIEF CONSUL, however, is too fond of dispatch to allow his guests time to chuse and chew their food. Prompt decision is his leading principle, and gape and swallow the order of the day, for all who resort to his entertainments.

* * *

It is still the fashion to have a large tuft of hair twisted into ringlets on the forehead; turbans, caps, and hats are not worn forward on the head. The hats are turned up, and the borders plaited with wolves' teeth; those of the newest fashion are of grey satin. Satin and grey velvet are employed for caps. Orange, rose, and flesh-colour will soon be laid aside. Hats, made of ribbands, drawn together and sewed after a particular fashion, are worn. Our Fashionables wear striped stuffs.

Few hats of black velvet are seen, compared with last year. The short tunics of last year, which were called *Mamelukes*, are in great esteem this year under the name of *Jewess Tunics*; they are of black velvet, trimmed with broad black lace; black satin, trimmed with marten and

white crape, with a brilliant trimming, formed of silver embroidery, on a velvet band. For morning robes we distinguish those of silk and cotton, of amaranth or red colours. For square shawls of fine cloth, the favourite colour is scarlet. Only the middling classes wear spencers; they are of black or dark brown cloth.

For men the full dress is a black cloth coat, silver-hilted sword, bag, shoe-buckles, ruffles and shirt-frill pointed, or with large plaits; they are sometimes worked. The

frocks are of American cloth.

* * *

The political ill-consequences of the spread of the French language throughout Europe are admitted; and we do not conceive that its bad effects upon the morals and character of other Countries will be disputed. We have no hesitation to add, that a nation which adopts the language of a superior is prepared to admit its yoke. We never heard it alleged as unwise in the Government of China, to intercept all communication between its subjects and foreigners.

Does any advantage result from French being taught to shopkeepers' sons, at a day-school, for fear Foreigners should not pawn or buy, for want of understanding

them?

Are not the great part of the female sex and of the uninformed part of ours, exposed, by this practice, to the moral and political corruptions of another country? Ought a girl to be able to read any book that her father cannot? Ought she to converse in a gibberish which her mother cannot detect?

Ought the mass of a virtuous and happy people to be educated to form ideas different from the manners, habits, and institutions of their own country? Ought it to be in the power of an enemy to poison their minds, corrupt their principles, and seduce them from their allegiance and religion?—From The London Times of 1803.

Rossini and the Hurdy-Gurdy

Great musicians are notoriously tolerant even of hurdy-gurdies. To hear their music ground is to them what to Lulli was the hearing of his airs sung on the Pont Neuf—the diploma of popularity. It is told of Rossini that he was once excru-

ciated by the grinding of "Di tanti palpiti"—not because he minded the operation, but because it was ground too slow. Rushing hatless into the street, he seized the handle of the instrument, and vigorously ground the air to the right time; then, thrusting thirty francs into the hand of the astonished performer, he vanished as suddenly as he had appeared.—From Lombard Studies by Countess Martinengo Cesaresco (Scribners).

Is There an American Face?

The English face, the Jewish face, the Irish face, the Italian face, the Chinese face, the Japanese face, the French face, the Indian face, even the negro face, all these have something about them which calls up a definite picture in one's mind. But the American face has no strong characteristic to differentiate it from other faces of superior races, though it is peculiar in some ways. It is peculiar in its cosmopolitanism. It is in one sense a composite face. It is international, for here and there one may find the traces which suggest a relation to this, that, or the other face. It may be a line or a ligament bequeathed by an early Engglish ancestry or something suggestive of Teutonic origin, or a sharp suggestion of the Frenchman's face or the Irishman's or the Italian's or the Scotchman's. when one must deal with the American abstractly one can scarcely call up the American face. Uncle Sam, with his striped trousers, his sharply-cut coat, his plug hat, his whiskers, and his bland, good-natured countenance, is a happy conception, yet he may never hope to portray the matchless and indescribable cosmopolitanism of the American face. - London Health.

Cornered

Jenkins had left college, where he had lived rather fast, but now meditated matrimony and settling down. As an old aunt had died and left him a little money, what was more natural than that he should redeem some of his many articles of clothing which he had deposited with his "uncle" in the days of necessity?

By sad mishap, however, that obliging relative forgot to remove the tickets, and this led to an embarrassing contretemps on

his return home.



ISN'T THIS BOUQUET THROWING BEING RATHER OVERDONE?—LIFE.

Full of kindness and pride for her dear boy, his mother, on his return to the parental home, insisted on unpacking his boxes. In doing so she first discovered an overcoat with an ominous-looking label upon it.

"What a nuisance!" said Jenkins in answer to her expression of surprise. "They must have forgotten to take off the ticket at the ball at Smith's when I left my overcoat in the ante-room."

Mamma was satisfied; but when, shortly afterwards, she found a pair of trousers bearing a similar label, imagine the puzzled surprise with which she exclaimed:

"But surely, my darling, you didn't leave these in the ante-room, too?"—Tit-Bits.

The Mother of Invention

In America we have always been short-handed with regard to labor. We have been obliged to find methods whereby one man may accomplish the work of two or three men as compared with your practice here. We have had the best men from Europe: Englishmen, Germans, French, everybody — skilled men, highly trained men, as well as laboring men; we have combined their experience with our own, coupled it with our necessities, and have thus accomplished results unattainable in a country like this, where you have more labor than you can well keep employed.

As an illustration of what has been accomplished by the use of electricity in a great industry, I may cite the Homestead Mills of the Carnegie Company, where they produce with about 4,000 men three times as much steel as the Krupp works produce with 15,000 men. The results are simply wonderful. You can start there to-day, in a building containing steel-melting furnaces, and you will there see three men mounted on a car with the charging apparatus which is moved and operated by electricity. With a few movements of this ingenious contrivance three men charge twenty furnaces, which prior to the use of electricity would have required the labor of over 200 men.

I took some English friends to Home-Mr. Schwab, after guiding us through several departments, said: "I will now show you where we turn out 750 tons of plate girders per day." The mill was in the shape of an "L." We went into the short end of the "L," where the furnaces were fed by natural gas, of course requiring no stokers. The end at which we entered had a rather low roof, and there was in sight a contrivance like a battering-ram in front of the furnaces; two workmen were sitting down eating their dinners near by: no one else was present. I thought: Mr. Schwab has made a mistake, he has asked us to see a mill that is not in operation. But we went through the mill, which was about 200 feet long, and suddenly we heard a rattle and then saw a truck approaching loaded with a big ingot. No one touched the truck or the ingot. The load came to a platform, the crane overhead dropped a pair of tongs and quickly put the ingot on the roller-table, and as it moved to the great rolls, it was automatically kept in place. The adjusting screws of the rolls were turned by little electric motors, and not a man in that house did a bit of work. It was just as easy as what you are doing now-looking on! We went back to the furnaces. There was a fifteen-year-old boy seated in a place called the "pulpit." He was able, merely by the movement of levers, to open at will any of the furnacedoors and move the car along. And we saw this car come in front of a furnace and the charging machine approach, and take out of the open furnace a hot ingot which was dropped on the car and moved off to its work. There was this boy doing absolutely no hard work, and his mill was turning out 750 tons of steel-plate each day. My English friends said: "England has no chance in competition with such methods."

Now all this sort of thing came about in America because of our necessities. We hadn't men enough to do our work. There was a premium in favor of those who could invent machines to work and thus supply the deficiency.—From an address by George Westinghouse, reported in The Railway and Engineering Review.

An Expensive Quotation

The man who was soliciting for a charitable institution argued long and earnestly. He wanted a contribution of \$100. Finally the merchant reached for his check book.

"The Lord loveth a cheerful giver," quoted the solicitor, with cheerful satisfaction.

"Does He?" asked the merchant, hesi-

"You'll find it in the Bible," asserted the solicitor.

The merchant put back his check book. "I was about to give you \$100," he explained, "but I couldn't possibly do that cheerfully. Doubtless it would be more pleasing in the eyes of the Lord if I kept down to a point where I can be cheerful."

Thereupon he handed a \$5 bill to the solicitor and smiled pleasantly.—Chicago Post.

The Real Samoa

Samoa has been made to seem large for the most part through the distance at which it has been viewed. From the first, the Pacific has been regarded as the home of romantic ideas which should cast a rosy glow over the deeds of those who, in other seas, would have been justly punished as beachcombers, pirates, mutineers.

The "Kingdom of Samoa" made a respectable figure among the list of the countries of the world, and His Majesty Malietoa looked quite royal on the postage stamps. It was only on nearer view that it was found that king and kingdom were in a very shabby state, that the king was often hard-up on his regal wages of \$48.60 a month, that the queen took in washing to help out, and that all would have been better off had it been possible to set the whole kingdom at some such productive

work. From the distant view-point the Samoans have been made to appear as a noble race of men, filled with high aspirations, generous, capable of governing themselves if only they are protected from the rapacity of the white man. It is only on the nearer view that it is seen that with more truth it might be said of them that they are greedy and grasping, puffed up with a sense of their own importance, untruthful and never to be relied upon, for no obligation has been found which has proved sufficiently solemn to bind them.—From Samoa 'Uma, by Llewellen Pierce Churchill.

The Spirit World

Now as to telepathy, there is in the first place this to be said, that such a faculty must absolutely exist somewhere in the universe, if the universe contains any unembodied intelligences at all. Only if all the life of the cosmos be incarnated in organisms like our own, is it conceivable that all communication must pass through sensory channels resembling ours. If there be any life less rooted in flesh-any life more spiritual (as men have supposed that a higher life would be), then either it must not be social life—there can be no exchange of thought in it at all-or else there must exist some method of exchanging thought which does not depend upon either tongue or brain.

Thus much, one may say, has been evident since man first speculated on such subjects at all. But the advance of knowledge has added a new presumption-it can be no more than a presumption—to all such cosmic speculations. I mean the presumption of continuity. Learning how close a tie in reality unites man with inferior lives—once treated as something wholly alien, impassably separated from the human race—we are led to conceive that a close tie may unite him also with superior lives, that the series may be fundamentally unbroken, the essential qualities of life the same throughout. It used to be asked whether man was akin to the ape or to the angel. I reply that the very fact of his kinship with the ape is proof presumptive of his kinship with the angel.

It is natural enough that man's instinctive feeling should have anticipated any argument of this speculative type. Men have in most ages believed, and do still widely believe, in the reality of prayer;

that is, in the possibility of telepathic communication between our human minds and minds above our own, which are supposed not only to understand our wish or aspiration, but to impress or influence us

inwardly in return.

So widely spread has been this belief in prayer that it is somewhat strange that men should not have more commonly made what seems the natural deduction—namely, that if our spirits can communicate with higher spirits in a way transcending sense, they may also perhaps be able in like manner to communicate with each other. The idea, indeed, has been thrown out at intervals by leading thinkers—from Augustine to Bacon, from Bacon to Goethe, from Goethe to Tennyson.

Isolated experiments from time to time indicated its practical truth. Yet it is only within the last few years that the vague and floating notion has been developed into definite theory by systematic experiment.—From Human Personality and its Survival of Bodily Death by the late F.

W. H. Myers.

The American Woman in Europe

The steady progress of American women in the minds of Europeans can be gauged by studying their present position in Europe. It is not to be denied that they are sharing many of the "seats of the mighty," and the most carping and jealous critics cannot find fault with the way they fill them. In the political, literary, and diplomatic world



Och! The ind o' this loine is a unholy time a-coming.

Maybe some spalpeen has cut it off, Pat.—The

they more than hold their own. The old prejudices against them, which mostly arose out of ignorance, have been removed, and American women are now appreciated as they deserve. That they have faults, and are open to criticism in many ways, is of course, natural; on this we shall touch later, but the fact remains undisputed that they are very successful in the Old World.

There is no doubt that their success is largely due to their wonderful adaptability. which they display without at the same time losing their individuality. A girl born and bred in the backwoods of some western State will adopt the manners and customs of her husband's country to such an extent that, after a few years, she might pass as of his nationality. The chief characteristic of the American woman is her versatility, and this, fostered by her ambition and active mind, seems to open all paths to her. Speaking the same language, she naturally feels more at home; besides, there is no doubt that English society is much broader-minded and more appreciative of individual merit than that of any other country; beauty and charm in a woman, and brains or good fellowship in a man, will take either into fastidious and refined circles where dull duchesses and rich bores seek in vain to enter.

The education and bringing up of the average American girl is in some ways far superior to that of her English cousin, certainly in the way of book-learning. They are better read and have generally traveled before making their appearance in the social world, whereas a whole family of English girls may be educated by a more or less incompetent governess.-with, perhaps, a few extra lessons from a master in elocution or music to "finish" them before they "come out"; the American girl in the same condition of life will begin from her earliest age with the best professor in all branches,-she will be taken to Paris to follow "cours," to Italy to see pictures, and to Germany for music, if she has any talent, and, by the time she is eighteen. she is able to assert her views on most things and her independence in all. She has a full appreciation and knowledge of what she wants and of what is best, and in all things strives to attain it. She seldom loses her heart, and never her head, the coldness with which she is reproached being, perhaps, one of the sources of her power.

power.

On the other hand, her education has many disadvantages not shared by the English girl. Most transplanted Americans have not, and do not understand the word "home." Their life of change—traveling, or stopping at hotels-engenders that restlessness for which they are noted, and that adheres to them through life. They often miss thereby, and are not brought up with practical knowledge in household matters, which is one of the triumphs of English education, and which, when she embarks on matrimony, arms a woman, to some extent, with the sinews of war. It has often been said that reverence is not one of the virtues most prominent in the American character, and this, added to woman's advanced education, makes her very impatient of control, and often wanting in respect to her parents and elders, according to old-fashioned ideas. - Mrs. Cornwallis-West, in Success.

Wasted Eloquence

A well-meaning young justice who has a considerable marrying business, when he took the office wrote out a nice little speech to be delivered to the bride and groom just before collecting the usual two dollars. This speech he can say backwards and forwards and he can begin in the middle and say it both ways. The other day he joined a couple in the holy bonds of matrimony and threw in the customary enthusiastic and inexperienced advice of a bachelor, free of charge. His peroration ran something like this:

"I hope you realize the full seriousness of the important step you have taken. It shall be your duty, sir, to guard and protect and cherish; and yours, madam, to This is the love and respect and obey. greatest event that can happen in the life of either of you-an event that stands out as the preëminent event of your lives. Henceforth those lives will run together until one of you shall lay down the burden of life to cross the dark waters, and there wait for the coming of the other. are now one through life, with one heart, one purpose, and one destiny. I hope and trust you realize all these things. I hope you understand the step you have taken."

"I'd ought to," replied the blushing bride. "I've been married three times and divorced twice."—Green Bag.

Power from Sunlight

It has been a favorite pastime for the dreary gentlemen who juggle with statistics solemnly to calculate the date on which we shall all freeze to death from exhaustion of the coal supply. The events of the present winter have thrown a new and lurid light on their vaticinations, for many a home has been fireless and many a factory has closed its doors through a mere temporary diminution of the coal output of a single State. It is a bad business at the best, and quite enough to set people on a serious quest for means of relief.

The sun since the dawn of history has been apostrophized as the source of life and light, but there are few even now who realize how near and potent its aid really is. The energy with which it daily



SOLAR MOTOR ERECTED NEAR BOSTON
—Harper's Weekly

floods the earth is so great as almost to defy the grasp of the intellect. On a conservative and moderate estimate it is equivalent to about 10,000 horse-power per acre of the terrestrial surface exposed to it. If this store of energy could be gathered over even a few square miles it would suffice to drive every wheel that turns from Eastport to San Diego. But the problem of gathering it has been a formidable one. All sorts of devices have been suggested, from burning-glasses heating boilers to strange electrical devices planned by wild-eyed wizards with companies to promote. Out of this chaos of hypothesis, however, there has gradually been evolved something very like a substantial reality, so that at the present time it is within bounds to say that a reasonable proportion of the solar energy can be turned to the uses of man by means either already existing or fairly near at hand.

The fundamental thing in any plan for employing solar energy is so to concentrate it that it can be gathered up and put to work. This is best accomplished by huge reflectors in the form of concave mirrors, poised so as to follow the sun in its diurnal path, and to concentrate its rays on some device at the focus capable of transforming the energy into available power. The cut herewith shown gives an excellent idea of such an apparatus. It is from a photograph of a ten horse-power solar motor as set up for testing near Boston prior to its shipment to Arizona for pumping purposes.

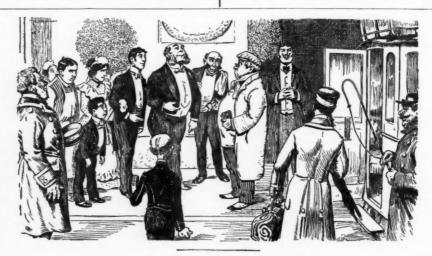
The great concave mirror is thirty-six feet in diameter, and contains 1,000 square feet of surface in its reflecting zone. It is balanced on a north-and-south axis tilted upwards to match the latitude of the place and the sun's declination. The sectors at the extremities of this axis allow the inclination to be changed every day or two to follow the changing declination of the sun. In the centre of the mirror stands the boiler, a coil of blackened copper tubing, for a steam-engine is the active power. With good sunlight, the steam is brought to 200 pounds per square inch pressure in about an hour from starting, is super-

heated, and delivered to the engine, which yields one horse-power for each 100 square feet of mirror surface. The mirror itself is built up of flat thin glass plates silvered on the back, and held in position on the light steel frame-work by bolts and soft washers.—Harper's Weekly.

The Lawyer of Today

The modern real estate lawyers are not human beings educated in law, each with two hands, two eyes, one brain, and an office boy; but they are corporations, each with half a thousand hands, as many eyes, hundreds of trained brains, and office boys like the sands of the seashore, innumerable.

Another poacher on the hunting preserves of the lawyer is the trust company. In former times a considerable share of the lawyer's income came from fees for the drawing of wills, or from commissions received as guardian of the interests of children and persons incompetent to manage their affairs, or as administrator of an estate. The man who wishes to make a will now can go to a trust company and find a lawyer to serve him who makes legal questions connected with wills his especial The trust company demands no Its only stipulation is that it be appointed executor or co-executor of the will or trustee of the trusts created by it.



Guest—You don't seem to have many servants in your hotel? Host—You'll not be so sure of that when you're leaving.—Fliegende Blätter

It finds its profit later in collecting and paying out the moneys of the estate.

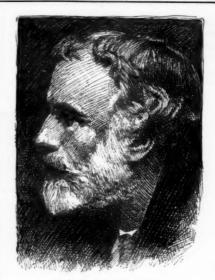
Fifty years ago young men obtained a law education by reading for a few years in a law office. Study in a law school now takes the place of this novitiate, and the average man who enters a city office does so only after being admitted to the bar. Once connected with a large firm, the chances are he stays for a number of years in its employ; while the man of a halfcentury ago would have been very likely, on being admitted to practice, to have started for himself. The very existence of these big offices makes a young man feel he must know a little of what goes on in them before he looks at the world from the window of his office. Once in such a place, however, many men lose heart, preferring to accept the certainty of a salary to the chances of success in facing the world alone. Others stay only long enough to learn how these offices do their business and then plunge out independently.

In any event, the big office tends both to lessen the number of men who begin practice on their own account and to cause those who do start for themselves to take that step at a later time in their life than formerly. It has made the average lawyer less independent than he once was. Many a skilled attorney now spends his life as thoroughly tied down to some other man's law office as does a clerk to the counting-room of a merchant. Lawyers who work as clerks are many, but lawyers who make good livings from their own practice are not proportionately as plentiful as they once were; and it is believed that more than ever before men drift from law into other walks of life.-Harry D. Nims in The World's Work.

A Sketch of George Meredith

His spoken words resemble curiously his written phrases, with their unexpected epithets and surprising association of thoughts; so that what he has written of his peerless Diana may aptly be said of himself: "This was like her, and here and there a phrase gave him the very play of her mouth, the flash of her eyes." Indeed, to have listened to the talk of George Meredith for but one brief hour is to have abandoned the thought that nobody was ever so brilliant in speech as he makes many of his characters to be.

His face, which is probably the least

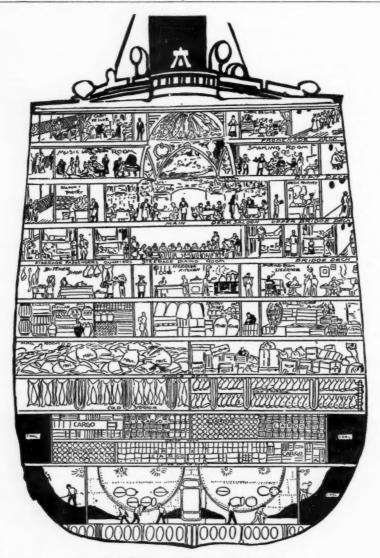


MR. GEORGE MEREDITH

—Black and White

familiar among those of our famous authors, as he has ever been shy of the camera, is of that fresh color which comes from a life spent in the open air. The features are very sharply defined, the mouth large, the forehead wide and square, but the eyes, of a wonderful dark grey, gleaming with tenderness and humor, form the most striking feature of the novelist's face. His hair, still abundant, is silver white on head and beard, and by contrast with the high clear color of his face, produces that fragile look which one had noted long ago in his best known portrait. Yet, when he speaks, the full volume of his voice, resonant, soft, rich in tone, carries no suggestion of physical weakness, His words are spoken with a relish of the lips not unlike the satisfied smack of the connoisseur sampling a rare vintage. His laugh, too, is lusty and heartsome.

He talks with a touch of that oldfashioned manner which sounds today almost like affectation, but none could be freer from a suspicion of such than George Meredith, for the lasting impression which the man leaves on one's mind is that the child's heart has never changed in him, and that he is as lacking in self-consciousness as a boy of twelve. After we have searched laboriously for that unknown, elusive something which constitutes genius, we shall find that it is nothing more than the power to keep in our old age the spirit of our youth, and to retain to the end the great gift of wonder. Assuredly George Meredith has done those things. In his seventy-fourth year we find him as buoyant of spirit, as full of wonder as he can ever have been. Tested further by the severest of tests to which we can put the personality of a man, he comes out triumphant—he can laugh at his own jokes and infect you with his laughter!—P. A. Hammerton, in Black and White.



A SECTIONAL VIEW OF THE CEDRIC

This view is intended to give the reader an idea of the wonderful complexity which would be presented to the view if the *Cedric* were cut through the middle of the saloon. The drawing is not intended to be accurate in the proportions of every detail.—The London World.

The World's Biggest Ship

				Ton- nage	Accom- moda- tion	Horse- power	L'gth ft.
Cedric			-	21,000	2,935	30,000	700
Celtic	-	-	-	20,800	2,859	30,000	700
Oceanio	- 5	-	~	17,274	2,144	30,000	704
Kaiser	Wi	lhel	m				
der C	Fros	se		14,000	1,970	30,000	648
Great I	East	ern	-	19,000	1,350	2,700	680
Lucania	a -		-	12,952	1,650	30,000	620

The new White Star liner, the Cedric, is the biggest ship in the world. She is not the longest vessel in existence—the Oceanic is 4 ft. longer and the new Kaiser Wilhelm II. is 707 ft. long. Her combined tonnage, freight-carrying capacity, and passenger accommodation, however, put her in the first place. The three-decker was considered large not so many years ago, but the Cedric has nine decks, all for passenger accommodation. Below this are the freight decks and the hold with its immense provision for storing fuel and its great boiler-rooms.

The Cedric is not designed with the purpose of breaking the transatlantic speed record; she is built rather with the idea of giving the greatest degree of comfort. Her large freight and passenger capacity, and proportionately small fuel consumption, will also tend to provide a trip at considerably reduced cost. Nevertheless, the Cedric will probably prove able to make 22½ knots an hour, and she will be capable of developing fully 30,000 horse-

She will have a number of novel features in her interior equipment which will put her practically on the basis of the best modern hotels as to convenience and comfort. The modern plan of providing elaborate suites of rooms with bathroom attached for rich passengers has been developed, and many magnificent apartments are provided on the upper decks. The old box stateroom, narrow and crowded, with its upper and lower berth, is not found in the first-class accommodation of the Cedric. Instead are roomy apartments with single berths or iron bedsteads and a reading and writing table.

The Cedric can carry 18,400 tons of freight and house comfortably the inhabitants of a town with a population of 2,935. This will be split up as follows: 350 first saloon, 250 second saloon, and about 2,000 third-class passengers, in addition to a crew of 335 men, 92 of whom

will be in the engine-room. She may be considered as a great hotel building nine stories high with rotating screws underneath which shift it backwards and forwards across the Atlantic.—The Sphere.

Successful Assurance

As I gradually improved in skill of reasoning and in confidence of address, I found I was writing larger policies. From policies of \$25,000 it was not a great step to a habit of getting policies of \$50,000. I was now in Milwaukee, where my society put me in charge of their business covering two States. Here I wrote my first \$100,000 policy, and the story of how it was obtained may illustrate the combination of qualities which are required in any one who aspires to write assurance in the larger amounts.

Among the big lumber operators of the northern region was one man, a German, who was the king lumberman. He was said to be worth \$30,000,000 and of unbounded influence. If I could get him I was sure of doing business with a good many of the others. But he was a stubbornly difficult case. Several brilliant agents had been sent on from New York and all had failed to interest him.

My first step was to become acquainted with his closest friend, whom it was not difficult to assure for \$75,000, and our business acquaintance ripened into personal confidence and regard. I soon told him it was my dearest ambition to assure his friend, Mr. W——, for \$100,000. "It's absolutely no use for you to try," replied he; "he hates the idea so much that he won't even talk about it." Nevertheless, he gave me a letter of introduction which for simplicity of effectiveness I have always kept as a model. It read:

"Dear W: This will introduce my friend Mr.

, through whom I have just taken \$75,000 of assurance, and it gives me great pleasure to make you acquainted. Let me tell you in advance, you will be glad to have met Mr. ——, whether you do business together or not."

I went three hundred miles into the lumber region to find my man. I knew he was so busy I could not see him until night. As he was leaving the dining-room after supper I presented myself with the letter of introduction. He surveyed me grimly and said, not unkindly:

"I am pleased to meet you. What can I do for you?"

"At your convenience I would like to make the subject of life assurance interest-

ing to you."

'There is no better time than now, though I am not in the least interested in your subject. Let us go to my room. It is now a quarter to seven; I am due at my office at seven. I will give you ten minutes.'

I risked that ten minutes wholly in an attempt to get an appointment for the next day. To his asservation that another interview would be as fruitless, I urged that after I had travelled so far to see him my people in New York would deeply appreciate his courtesy in giving me an uninterrupted chance to present the busi-

"Very well," he said hastily. "Come at ten o'clock. Come in no matter who is there, and I will give you fifteen minutes."

My first work was to see our medical examiner for that town, and his alternate, and to engage them both for 9.45 the next Then I went to the lawyer morning. whose office was next to Mr. W---'s and engaged his room at ten o'clock for half an hour for the medical men. I instructed my doctors that they must make the expected examination the most painstaking of their lives. At ten o'clock I walked boldly into Mr. W---'s inner

'I have come for my fifteen minutes, and I wish to use the time in my own way. I want you to step into the next office and be examined by our doctors."

"Why, what rubbish! I want no assurance. It will do me no good to be pawed

over by those doctors."

Nevertheless, you said I might use the fifteen minutes as I chose, and this is the

way I select."

With a bustle of impatience he went into the next office, where my doctors proceeded to put him through the most thorough examination I ever saw. I kept up a running fire as well as I could, but he was growing interested in the thumping and in the questions of the doctors, and he asked if every one was examined in that careful fashion. Before he got his coat on he had plenty of time to talk, and as he turned to go back to his office I said:

Before we part I want you to sign this application for \$100,000. It is entirely optional with you whether you take the policy or not. The society certainly does not want a man like you unless you heartily

want a society like ours."

He readily gave his signature and shook hands cordially as we separated. Before leaving town I made a fast agreement with his secretary that I should be promptly wired as to the train he would take when, a fortnight later, he was to make a trip to a different part of the State. The policy had arrived when the telegram came,

On a certain day, at a certain hour, accordingly, I was taking my seat at a railway lunch-room table at Spooner Junction just opposite to Mr. W--. We exchanged greetings and fell into a pleasant

conversation.

"Where are you bound?" said he, as he arose.

To Chippewa Falls, by that train out there."

Why, that is my train, too. Come into my car and we'll ride together."

After some chat over our newspapers, he suddenly asked:

"By the way, have you got that policy yet?"

"Yes; it is in my pocket."

He read it through, asked questions, and we continued the discussion for two or three hours. As we were leaving the train he said:

"If you are going to be in town this evening I wish you would call at my office at seven o'clock and I will give you my decision. Here is the policy; you had better take it; I don't know that I shall want it."

I was not discomfited at this, however. I had become able to distinguish the final flurry. As I went into his office that night his first question was: "Have you got that policy with you?" He looked at the amount of the premium subscribed on it, compared it with a check which he drew from a drawer, and handed me the check. In response to my congratulations he looked me in the eye and asked:

'How did you happen to be at the Spooner Junction lunch-room this noon?"

'In order to meet you."

"I thought so. Let me tell you that in my thirty-five years of business experience, your method with me has been the best business I ever saw."-From The Autobiography of a Life Assurance Man in Everybody's Magazine.